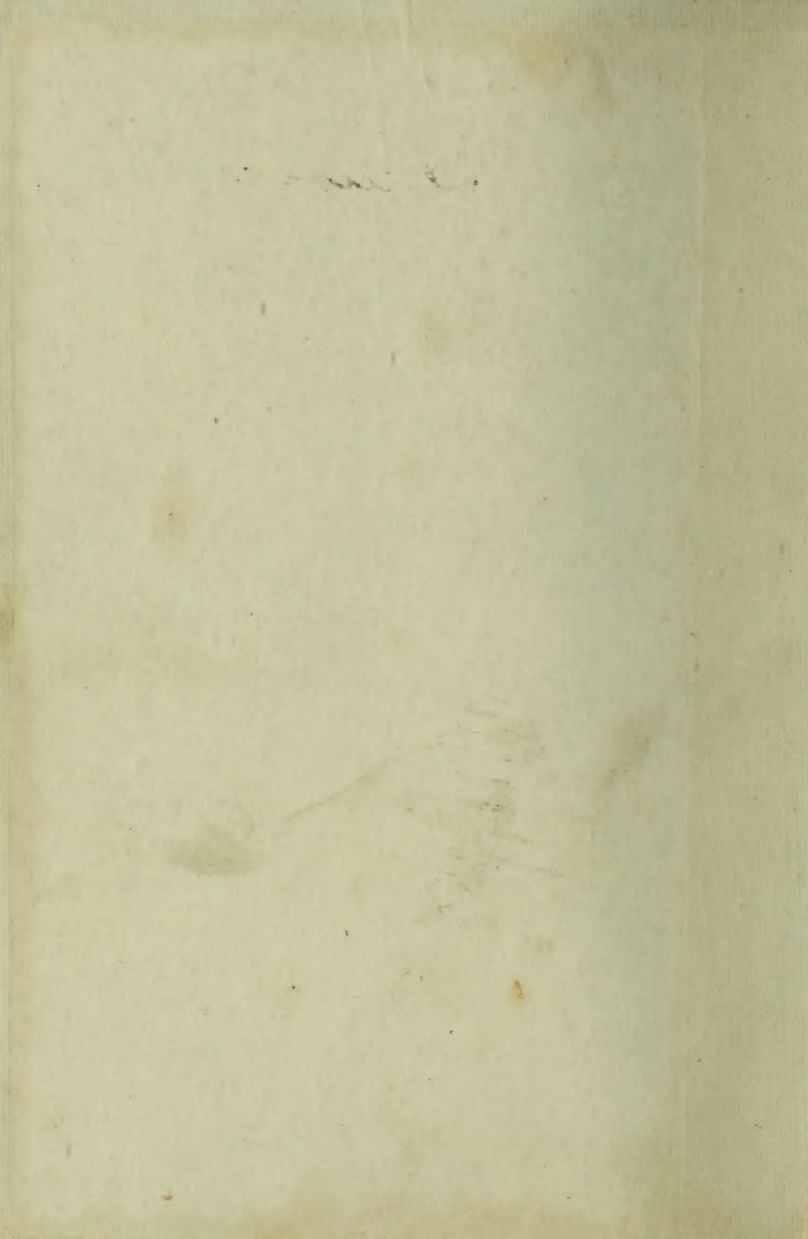


LIFE AND WORK IN KHASIA



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REV. W. M. JENKINS



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LIFE AND WORK
— IN —
KHASIA.

BY THE
REV. W. M. JENKINS.
MISSIONARY AT SHANGPOONG.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
PREFACE 	3
CHAPTER I.—The Khasia and Jaintia Hills 	5
CHAPTER II.—The Khasi Religion 	18
CHAPTER III.—The Missionary and his work 	31
CHAPTER IV.—The Sabbath Day in Khasia 	45
CHAPTER V.—Severe Tests of Faith 	52
CHAPTER VI.—Remarkable Answers to Prayer 	57
CHAPTER VII.—The Great Earthquake 	64
CHAPTER VIII.—Types of Character 	71
CHAPTER IX.—The Native Churches and Workers 	82
CHAPTER X.—Missionary Tours 	98
CHAPTER XI.—The Present Need 	107

PREFACE.

THIS short account of our life and work in Khasia was written during a busy furlough and extensive deputation work in Wales and Liverpool.

I was encouraged to undertake the work by remarks made at public meetings, and by many friends privately, that a book written in English giving an account of our work on the mission field would increase the interest of the Home Churches, and would also aid the funds.

I trust it will prove interesting, especially to the young Christian Endeavourers and to the children of our Sunday Schools, for whom, principally, it has been written.

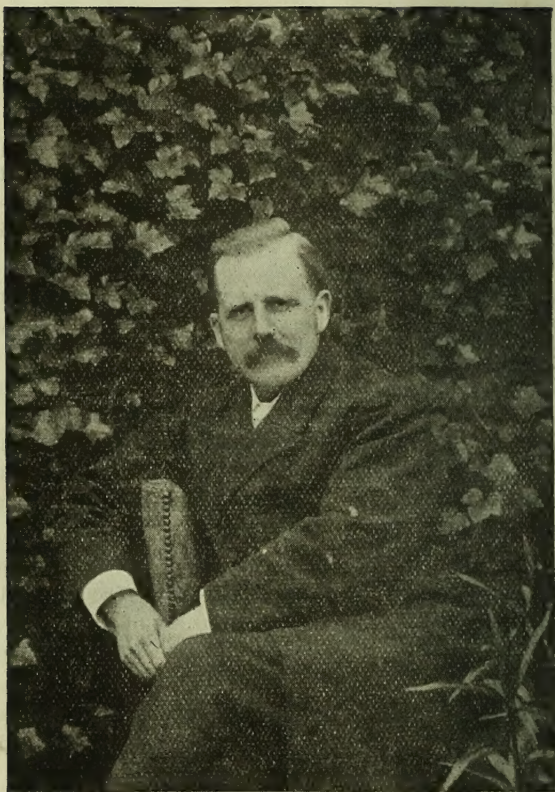
Most of the incidents described came under my observation during my own missionary life in Khasia, except those which took place before 1891. I hold myself responsible for all the opinions expressed in the book; and I have not trespassed upon the work of my fellow missionaries, many of whom could give even more interesting and thrilling accounts had they time to do so.

I am indebted to the following friends for some of the photographs and sketches which appear in the book:—Miss Thomas, Shillong; Captain Herbert; Mr. Dunn (jun.); Messrs. Ghoshal Bros.; and the Rev. E. H. Williams. I am indebted to Dr. Hunter's "Report of Assam" for some of the notes on Physical Features.

I send forth this little book with the prayer that our Churches will ever keep in mind the great principle of Christian missions, and that Christ shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

Your servant in the mission field,

W. M. JENKINS.



REV. W. M. JENKINS.

CHAPTER I.

I.—BEGINNINGS.

The Mission connected with our Churches is well known in India as "The Little Welsh Mission." Statesmen, Governors, Commissioners, Hindoos, Mahomedans know of us and of our work on the Khasia Hills. We are doing a part of the work of evangelising and Christianising the 300,000,000 inhabitants of India.

The Khasia Hills form a part of the Province of Assam. They are bounded on the north by Kamrup and Nowgong, on the east by North Cachar, the Naga Hills and the Kupli river, on the south by Sylhet district, and on the west by the Garo Hills. The people of Khasia are chiefly agriculturists, and live almost entirely on the products of the country.

It is now over 60 years since our denomination resolved to start out on its own resources and begin Foreign Mission work—a small church in which there were not many strong and mighty, but there were men of faith and of prayer, strong in the Lord, and determined that the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Church should have a share in the glory of lifting up the nations of the earth from the depths of heathenism. The success that has attended the Mission is well known. There are to-day over 20,000 converts in our churches, 480 schools,

and thirteen ordained native ministers. The native pastorate is supported almost entirely by the contributions of the native churches. The work is deeply rooted, and will go on growing, and only the last day will reveal the great indebtedness which the Khasis owe to the "Little Welsh Mission."

2.—WHAT THE MISSIONARY FOUND WHEN HE REACHED KHASIA.

Before the days of steamships and the Suez Canal the voyage to India was very long and tedious; but our first missionary, Thomas Jones, Berriew, had heard the Master's call, and he set sail in November, 1840, and arrived in Cherrapoonjee, on the Khasia Hills, in June, 1841. We can imagine in what a state of ignorance and wretchedness he found the people there, and how his heart must have been filled with pity and compassion. There would be nothing in their outward appearance to attract him, for they would be all very dirty and very scantily clothed, the men wearing simply a fringed jacket, roughly woven of hemp, just reaching the thighs, and with the arms bare; their long hair would be hanging over their shoulders, or perhaps twisted up in a knot on their heads; the children would be running about naked, looking wild and unkempt, while their mothers would be working hard in the rice-fields or carrying heavy burdens to the different markets. Worse than all would be the dull, heavy expression on their face, and the absence of all joy and gladness in their lives. For they were a people living in darkness and the shadow of death, and to them the Light had not yet come. Oh! the joy of being Light-bearers to such a nation.



GROUP OF MISSIONARIES.

But the missionary's great task was to learn to speak to these people, and to understand them when they spoke to him. The Khasis had no written language, consequently the work was very hard ; at last, however, he succeeded in reducing the language to writing, using the Roman characters. An attempt to reduce the language to writing had been made before by an agent of the Serampore Mission, but as he had made use of the Bengali characters the difficulty of teaching was so great that no success attended his labours. But now a Khasi boy learns to read his own language easily in about three months.

Soon after the arrival of the missionaries, the people, urged on by their heathen priests, became suspicious, and began to fear that their religion was in danger ; consequently they refused to allow their children to go near the missionary, or to attend any of his meetings. Gradually, however, this opposition wore away, and the children were delighted with all the new things the missionary and his wife taught them. They were won by the kindness shown them and the little attentions paid them, and soon they were able to read of the Creation, and of the Great God, in their own language.

There is a tradition that the Khasi once, long ages ago, possessed a book but that he lost it. It runs something like this :—Once upon a time a Khasi and a Bengali met upon the bank of a deep river, which they were obliged to cross. Each carried a book giving the history of his land and people. Before swimming across the river the Khasi put his book into his mouth, but, opening his mouth in mid-stream to take breath, his

book was swept away. The Bengali had tied his book on the crown of his head, and so he saved it. This, they say, accounts for the learning of the Bengalis on the Plains, and is also the reason why the Khasis were left without any written language. The Khasis lost their book, but now the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales have sent them the best Book of all.

Imagine the gigantic task our first missionaries must have had! How they must have laboured, in season and out of season, to reduce to writing the language of a strange people, and how great must have been their joy when the four Gospels were given to the Khasis! It took 50 years before the whole Bible was translated into Khasi. To-day the Old and New Testament are to be found in a thousand homes in the Hills and in the Valleys of Khasia.

3.—PHYSICAL FEATURES, &c.

The district of the Khasia and Jaintia Hills, called by the inhabitants Ka Ri Khasi and Ka Ri Synteng, is situated between $26^{\circ} 9' 30''$ and $25^{\circ} 8' 28''$ north latitude, and between $91^{\circ} 9' 0''$ and $92^{\circ} 51' 30''$ east longitude.

The Administration of the country is vested in the Chief Commissioner of Assam, the Deputy Commissioner of the Khasia and Jaintia Hills and his assistants, and the native chiefs who are styled Siems, Mahadadars, Sirdars, Dollois, and Lyngdohs. The district is divided into three portions, viz., British Possessions in the Khasi Hills; Semi-independent States in the Khasi Hills; and the Jaintia Hill Country, which is wholly British. The Semi-independent States are governed by chiefs called

Siems, who, though taken from one family, are appointed by election, or by Mahadadars, Sirdars, &c., who also are publicly elected. The appointment of all these chiefs is subject to the confirmation of the British Government, which also reserves to itself the right to remove them in case of mis-conduct.

The British Possessions on the Khasia and Jaintia Hills cover an area of 2160 square miles. The Khasi democratic states cover an area of 4490 square miles. The Hills came into British Possession in 1835.

General Aspect of the District. It consists almost entirely of hills; the slope on the southern side is steep until a plateau is reached at an elevation of 4,000 feet. Shillong is situated at an elevation of 4,900 feet above sea level. On the northern side of the hills are two plateaus, one from 1,000 to 2,000 feet below Shillong, and the other lower down, about 3,000 feet above sea level. In general features these plateaus are much alike, and consist of a succession of undulating downs broken here and there by the valleys of the larger streams. Where the hills are clear of forest they are covered with short grass. Throughout the whole district there are numerous sacred groves which superstition has preserved from time immemorial. These groves contain valuable timber trees of various kinds, rare orchids, wild cinnamon, and rhododendrons.

The *Geological Formation* is mainly granite, with stratified rocks of sand-stone and lime-stone.

Mountains. The highest peak is in the Shillong range, 6,449 feet above sea level; *Mawphlang*, 5,931 feet. *Kyllang Rock* near Mairang is one huge mass of stone, 500

feet high, and 5,684 feet above sea level. *Soh-pet-byneng* in the Syngkerdem range, is supposed by the Khasis to be the centre of the world, and to be the highest peak in the hills, but it is only 4,000 feet high. The mountain peaks are generally conical and capped by sacred groves.

Rivers. There are no navigable rivers, the streams being all mountain torrents.

Minerals. Coal and Lime-stone are to be found in abundance. Lower Bengal obtains nearly all its lime supply from the Khasia Hills. It is obtained by quarrying from the base of the mountains along the whole length of the Sylhet boundary. The supply appears to be inexhaustible. Stone for building purposes, and Iron-stone are found almost in every part of the country.

Forests. The India Rubber tree is found in many of the forests; Cinnamon grows wild; Bay-trees are cultivated in the valleys; Lac in the Jaintia Hills; Oak and Chestnut abound.

Animals. Tigers, elephants, rhinoceros, buffaloes, mithans or wild cows, bears, leopards, wolves, jackals, foxes, wild hog, and several kinds of deer.

The small game consists of black partridges, Hill partridges, quails, ducks, teal, snipe, woodcock, &c.

Agriculture. Rice is cultivated in marshy fields, situated near running water as well as in high lands. About the middle of February, the husbandman commences to prepare the soil by bringing water to his fields from neighbouring streams, by means of regularly cut channels. His land is thus kept inundated for from fifteen to thirty days, in order to soften the soil; part of the

water is then allowed to escape through openings, made in the banks surrounding the field. The land is then ploughed by oxen, and three or four days afterwards it undergoes a second ploughing. The fields are then re-filled with water by the same means as before, and allowed to remain for ten to fifteen days, when the water is again drained off. After this, the land is ploughed a third and a fourth time, and the soil is made as smooth as possible. The seed is then, in April or May, scattered broadcast over the field. When the plant has sprung up about six inches above the ground, water is introduced into the field a third time, and allowed to stand for about two months, when it is drawn off for a few days in order that the land may be weeded. After weeding, water is again let in, and is not drained off till November or December, when the crop is ripe for the sickle.

Indian Corn is grown on homestead lands. Three nights after planting the seed, green blades appear. A kind of mellet seed called "Krai" is often sown with rice on high lands. Two kinds of beans are grown in the hills, called "u rymbai kyrtung," and "u rymbai ja."

The only fibre is that made from the pineapple stalk, which is largely used in making netted bags.

Miscellaneous Crops. Oranges; the trees flower in March or April, and the fruit ripens in October. Limes; Pineapples grow to great perfection; the fruit ripens in May or June and is exported in considerable quantities.

Potatoes are now extensively grown on the slopes of the high lands.

Sugar Cane is grown, but not to a great extent.

Pán is extensively cultivated, the runner being trained up trees standing in the deep shady valleys.

Betel Nut (Areca Catechu) is grown on the southern slopes and is consumed in immoderate quantities by the natives, as also is the *pán* leaf. They measure distances by the number of *páns* consumed on a journey.

U Soh-phlang is a root crop resembling a small turnip, and eaten either raw or cooked.

Cotton is grown in some parts ; it is sown in April and is ready for picking in January.

Measures and Weights. The Hill people have no proper measurement of time or distance. In some parts land is measured by a stick varying from six to seven cubits. Liquids are measured sometimes in bamboo tubes, and rice, potatoes, &c., in baskets, varying in size from two to eighty pounds.

The *Manufactures* consist of coarse cotton cloth, plain silver work, rude implements of husbandry, netted bags, common pottery, mats, and baskets.

Exports. Limestone, oranges, smelted iron, raw cotton, betel nuts, and coal.

The *Climate* is mild, but the rainfall is enormous, varying between 300 and 400 inches per annum. The district is subject to severe shocks of earthquake. Malaria is very prevalent, but the chief scourge among the Khasis is smallpox. The people have no system of medicine of their own ; their sole remedy consists in divination and incantation.

Wild Animals. The Country to the North, East, and West of the Khasia Hills is more or less covered with dense forests where wild beasts roam and seek their prey. Quite recently I received a letter from one of our missionaries telling me that a man-eating tiger was prowling about my district, and had killed eight persons in one week, four of whom were from one village. Some time ago I spoke to a Government Official about the many deaths that occur through wild beasts, and he told me they were quite unable to take steps for their destruction. The country is so^o vast, the jungle so thick, the forest so extensive, that it would mean an enormous expense to exterminate these animals.

One of our school boys had been ill at Shangpoong and I sent him home to recruit. He had been in his own village about three weeks when his father said to him, "My boy, if you feel better, you may return to school on Monday; but come with me now into the jungle that we may clear a new plot to cultivate rice." The boy went with his father, and commenced work. They had not been there long, when a tiger sprang out upon the man and carried him right off into the thick of the forest. The little boy ran back to the village with the sad news, but the people knew too well that it was useless to go in pursuit.

In travelling through this part of the district we frequently see the footprints of tigers on the jungle paths. The mode adopted by the natives to catch these animals is as follows: They make a narrow tunnel of long poles, about three feet from the ground, closing up one end; twenty or thirty poles are placed close together on each

side. One part of the trap is fenced off, and behind this partition a goat is placed. At the other end a door is fixed, which can be raised by a strong cord; this is the trap door, and it is attached very ingeniously to another cord in the centre of the trap. The trap is laid about sunset. The natives know that a tiger is about, for they have lost several of their cattle for some days previously. They all retire to their huts, and every one listens for the tiger's roar as he comes over the hill. He hears the bleating of the goat, rushes towards it, down falls the heavy door, and he is caught. The tiger is in a terrible rage; he cannot get at the goat, neither can he find a way of escape. He becomes infuriated, and the ground shakes with his roar. The men of the village come in large numbers with long spears, and, surrounding the trap, spear the tiger to death. After the last moan, they lift up the trap door and drag the beast out. It is then placed on poles and carried by scores of men in turn to the chief village of the neighbourhood where the heathen priest resides. He goes through some heathen ceremonies and thanks the demon for giving them power to catch this enemy of man and beast. The tiger is afterwards skinned, the head cut off and the flesh divided amongst the villagers by whom it is considered a rare delicacy. On the following day the head is fixed on a pole and carried to the top of a hill in the neighbourhood, followed by a long procession of villagers shouting and beating drums. It is then presented to the Hill god and afterwards brought down to the village and placed in the market place as a trophy.

Since the arrival of the missionaries a great number of tigers have been killed by poison. In our own district, during the eleven years of our residence, we have

destroyed over thirty tigers and leopards. The natives are very grateful to us for the help given them to exterminate these wild beasts.

The people are also troubled by large herds of elephants which come down upon their rice fields and destroy their crops. Elephant hunters who have obtained the necessary license from Government come periodically from the plains to hunt these animals. At a place called Pynthorlangtein in Jaintia these elephant hunters once fenced in a whole hill with high wicket work, having here and there large trap doors; they sent out two tame elephants who, after some days, succeeded in alluring eleven wild ones into this enclosure. After some skilful manipulation the wild elephants were tied together and sent down to Sylhet, where they were bought by Government for transport and military service.

But it is the 'rogue elephant,' that is, one driven out from the herd for insubordination, that is feared most. Death and destruction follow in his footsteps. Oftentimes he comes across a small hut in a rice or cotton field; he deliberately uproots the posts, strips off the roof and tramples the inhabitants to death. The Government is always anxious to destroy these animals, and notices are frequently sent out that whoever succeeds in killing a rogue elephant will receive a reward of five hundred rupees.

We are troubled too with bears. One of our teachers was one day crossing from one village to another when a bear suddenly appeared upon his path, pounced upon him and overcame him, mauling him fearfully about the

head and shoulders. The man was found some hours later and was thought to be dead, but, in a little while he showed signs of life and muttered some words. He was carried back to the village, and on the following day taken to the Medical Missionary. It was feared that blood poisoning would set in from the deep wounds caused by the claws of the bear but after several weeks of skilful treatment he recovered and is to-day a useful Christian worker.



CHAPTER II.

THE KHASI RELIGION.

The Religion of the Khasis is Demonology—the worship of demons or evil spirits. They have a belief in a Supreme Being as Creator of all, but they do not pay him any homage, except some ejaculations in times of extreme pain or in seasons of great sorrow or calamity, such as “O God !” and it ends there. Their religion is reduced to a system of sacrifices, and these are ordered by sorcerers and priests, the former finding out which demon has been offended, and the other offering sacrifices to appease the demon’s wrath. There are numerous demons in different parts of the country, but the most common are the following :—Mehed Jattah, a house god ; Borden, a house god ; Ka Synshar, maker of men ; Ronshindi, a hill god.

Imagine yourself entering a Khasi hut. It is really a rude hut made of bamboo and roofed with jungle grass. A low opening forms the entrance, and there are no windows. The fire is on the centre of the mud floor, and the smoke must find its way out through the grass roof. When you enter it will take you a few minutes to accustom your eyes to the smoke and the semi-darkness of the dwelling ; then, gradually by the light of the fire, you will

probably see a heap of rags on the floor, and will know from the moans which you hear that someone is lying there sick, and stooping down you will find a boy or a girl in the height of fever. You feel the hot, dry hand, and look at the flushed face, and are convinced that the child is seriously ill. You wish to give the little one some medicine, but the mother forbids you, and protests angrily :—" Dare you to touch my child ! we don't belong to your religion, and if you do anything for us the demons will be very angry and punish us, perhaps, with death. Leave the house at once, and we shall be happy." You leave and the mother goes to the priest and requests him to offer a sacrifice. He comes, and there in the little courtyard, a small basket is placed before him filled with rice, and with a few eggs placed on the top. A small lump of clay is then handed to the priest, who pours water upon it to soften it, then he breaks off several small pieces, moulds them with his fingers into little balls and places them on the ground in the form of a semi-circle. Each lump of clay represents a certain demon. He then sprinkles a little rice around this temporary altar. Then he takes the egg ; the mystery of life, he says, is confined within the shell, and he is going to break it in order to discover which demon has sent the sickness, and what sacrifice must be offered in order to appease his wrath. He then raises the egg to his shoulder and dashes it violently to the ground, and in whatever direction, or towards whichever piece of clay the yolk of the egg flows it is the demon represented by it that has to be appeased. The priest is supposed to know all the likes and dislikes of the demons, and turning to the mother he says—" you see woman, I am the servant of the demons ; I know all



HEATHEN PRIEST CONSULTING THE DEMONS BEFORE BREAKING
THE EGG.



HEATHEN PRIEST CONSULTING THE DEMONS AFTER BREAKING
THE EGG.

about them; and this demon whom you have offended would like you to sacrifice a pig." At other times it would be a fowl or a goat.

When the pig has been found and the sacrifice offered, the mother naturally looks for a change in the little sufferer; but oftentimes the child grows worse, and this necessitates more sacrificing. I have known instances where poor people have sacrificed day after day, week after week, month after month, until all their resources have been exhausted. They sell their cattle, mortgage their lands, part with their jewellery, and even give their children into life-long slavery in order to procure means to sacrifice to the demons. And after all the child dies, and the mother weeps bitterly, for heathen women love their children dearly. And what does the priest say? "You had offended the demon to such an extent that he would not be appeased, and now he has taken the life of your child in revenge."

Now this is the religion of the Khasi, a religion of despair; there is not a gleam of hope or joy, or comfort in it; it cries "give, give, give," and has nothing to give in return. It is to such people as these we go and preach that Christ has come to bring joy, peace, and comfort; that he has opened the prison doors and set the captives free. "He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted, and to release these that are bound."

Not only in cases of sickness do they sacrifice, but it is considered necessary to propitiate the demons at certain seasons of the year, and before any and every event, great or small, in a Khasi's life. Thus he sacrifices before

sowing his rice, and again at the time of harvest ; at the birth of a child, at a marriage, and in all cases of death or famine. When a man brings his produce to the market he makes an offering to the god of the market. If he means to make a great profit he comes to the village the evening before market day and makes a compact with the priest of the market. The bargain made is something to this effect—that the demon shall give the man all his wits when he is selling his produce on the morrow, and shall take away the wits of all who come to buy from him !

Such is the belief of the people in the evil spirits, that they are completely under the influence of the priests, and spend large sums of money in order to secure their favour. They live in constant dread, lest by the least transgression or omission they should offend these avaricious men and so bring down upon themselves the wrath of the demons. A priest who renounced heathenism and became a Christian, once told me that while he was in the position of village priest he could make the people believe implicitly in him, and that whatever demand he made for money or goods no one would dare deny him.

Before the Jaintia Hills became British Possessions, the Syntengs sacrificed a human being, annually, to the river Kupli, the sacred river of Jaintia, but the Government having abolished the Sutee in Bengal, put an end also to human sacrifices in the Khasi Hills.

HEATHEN DEITIES—THE ‘TLEN.’

There is a serpent demon known amongst the Khasis as the ‘Tlen’ ; it resides in certain families, and has the power of making them wealthy and prosperous. They

are supposed to feed it regularly with human hair, which is usually set apart for it in the neighbourhood of the house; but this does not always satisfy it, and when this is the case they have to supply parts of the human body, such as the nostrils, the lobes of the ears, the eyebrows, finger-nails and toe-nails.

When sickness, death, or any great misfortune overtakes one of these families, it is a sign to them that the 'Tlen' is angry and must be appeased. They at once agree with some vicious character, that, on payment of a certain sum, he shall provide the necessary food. This man waylays an innocent traveller on a lonely road, murders him, and takes from the body the parts needed, and carries them to the keepers of the 'Tlen.'

The following incident occurred in the year 1896:— One of our missionaries in a neighbouring station was removing from one village to another some distance away. On the morning of his departure all the teachers, evangelists, deacons, and friends came to the mission-house to give him a good send-off. One of the teachers, from a village five miles away, also decided to go and bid the missionary 'Good-bye.' He did so, and returned home in the evening. To his surprise and consternation, he found that the body of a woman had been discovered on the road over which he had travelled in the early morning, and that the villagers suspected him of murder. The same evening the Inspector of Police arrived, and, charging him with the murder of the woman, took him into custody and put him in prison.

About ten o'clock that night two men came out to our station with a letter from the wife and relatives of the accused begging me to come to their village at once in

order, if possible, to obtain his release. I replied that if the resident missionary wished me to assist in the case, I was quite prepared to do so. I had known the accused man for four years; he had been a successful teacher in my district, and had satisfied me that he was a straightforward Christian, honest and truthful. Early next morning I received a request from the missionary that I should go there at once to consult as to what steps should be taken to obtain the unfortunate man's release.

I arrived in the village about mid-day, and went straight to the gaol. There the prisoner stood, inside the bars. When he saw me he burst into tears, and exclaimed, "Oh, Saheb! what will they do unto me? I am perfectly innocent of this awful crime. I am a follower of Christ, I love Him and try to serve Him. I have been wondering whether the Lord wishes to try me, to test my faith in Him. But I am so distracted, I don't know what to think about it." Trying to cheer the poor man, I said, "Never mind, we will do our best and you may rest assured that we believe you to be perfectly innocent."

During the day we learned the particulars of the murder. The body of a woman had been found on the hill, near the roadway leading from the village to the main station. It was dreadfully mutilated, the nostrils, ear lobes, eyebrows, finger-nails and toe-nails having been cut off. This was a conclusive proof that the person had been murdered to sacrifice to the 'Tlen.' To accuse a Christian teacher of such a crime was a slur on the whole Christian community and on the

Christian religion. We went to the English Magistrate and tried to 'bail' the man out until the day of trial, but, being a capital offence, he could not allow it.

The day of trial came, and the magistrate allowed me to cross-examine the witnesses, and to appear on behalf of the accused, as he was quite unable to pay for a pleader.

The first witness was a woman, who said that she saw the prisoner at 200 yards, and could point him out anywhere at that distance. He wore a doti and an Englishman's lounge coat. Some one in the court whispered to me, "Ask the magistrate to put this woman to the test." I said, "Sir, will you allow me to test the evidence of this woman and place six men at a distance of 200 yards, asking her to point out the prisoner." The permission having been given, the police officer marked off 200, and we placed six men with their backs to the Government Court House, the prisoner being one of them. The woman was called and asked to point out the prisoner. "He is the second man from the left," she said, but he was not, he was the fifth. I said, "Give her another chance," so we re-arranged the men and asked her again to point out the prisoner. "He is the sixth man," she said, whereas now he was the third. "This woman's evidence is of no value," said the magistrate. The next witness failed to appear, and a messenger was sent to summon her while the court adjourned. Fearing trickery I asked permission to accompany him and take the woman's evidence in the village. Not being prepared for our arrival, all she could say was, "I know nothing at all about the

matter." About twenty more witnesses were then called, and the last to appear was the heathen priest of the village. He came into court with a bold air, and with a shy, cunning expression, which betrayed at once the character of the man. As I cross-examined him he began to shake with fear, and the more he trembled the more I persevered. At last, in a fit of despair, lifting up his hands, he shouted, "It is all a lie; it is a make-up case from beginning to end. We were told that if we could not convict someone of the crime the Government would send a relay of police into our village, and that we should have to support them until we found the culprit. We knew that this teacher had passed the spot early on that very morning, and so thought we could not do better than saddle the crime on him." He then fell down at the feet of the magistrate calling out, "Pardon me, pardon me." Turning to me he said something similar, but I am afraid we were too full of indignation to have much room for pity. The magistrate was quite overcome with emotion, and ordered the immediate release of the accused teacher.

That night the Christian compound was a scene of great rejoicing; joy and gratitude filled the hearts of all. We urged the people not to molest or take revenge in any way upon those who had taken part in the trial, but, as Christians to forgive even their enemies. Since this event I have not heard of another person who has been sacrificed to this demon, but I fear that there are thousands on the Hills to-day whose belief in the 'Tlen' is as strong as ever.

Oh, to save these! or perish for their saving!
Die for their life! be offered for them all!

The "Taro." This is a demon which is supposed to take possession of certain persons. A man suddenly sickens, and becomes delirious ; he rambles in his speech, and makes strange contortions of his face and body ; the people say at once that he is possessed by the "Taro," and his friends and relatives flee from him in fear. If he recovers he finds himself deserted by all his neighbours ; no one will have anything to do with him ; if he takes his goods to the market no one will buy from him, and neither can he procure from others even the bare necessities of life. Many are unable to endure this treatment and soon sicken and die ; then the "Taro" is supposed to have killed them. But if the man is strong-minded he decides to satisfy the demands of this demon and get free from his clutches. The demands of the Taro are these: the man's house is to be destroyed, together with his bed, his brass cooking utensils, his jewellery, and everything that he possesses. The Dolloi sets fire to the whole in the presence of the villagers, and the man who was yesterday comparatively rich is to-day quite poor ; even the clothes he is wearing have to be burned, and he has to beg from friends and neighbours something to cover him. The demands of the Taro are most exacting, and how sad to think if the thousands who are still ignorantly worshipping this demon, and know nothing of the God of Love ?

The Small Pox is supposed to be a Goddess, and, as such, is feared and worshipped. And although hundreds of persons die every year of this terrible scourge oftentimes whole villages being devastated by it, yet so superstitious are the people, that the mark left by the disease upon the body of the sufferer is called by them the "kiss of the

goddess," and the more violent the attack, and the more thickly marked the person may be, the more highly favoured is he supposed to be in the esteem of the demon. When the goddess has entered a house and smitten any person or persons with this disease, a trough of clean water is placed outside the door, in order that everyone before entering may wash their feet, the house being considered sacred. Women have been known to bring their children into the house of a small pox patient, in order that they may contract the disease and receive the kiss of the goddess.

In the year 1898, the small-pox epidemic was so violent in many of our villages that the people began to be alarmed lest they should all be carried away, and so they tried in every way to propitiate the demon. She had become too exacting, they thought. As a last resort, they came to me, saying: "Cannot you help us? we see that your people (the christians) escape, because you put medicine in their arms (vaccination), and they do not suffer as we do." And I said: "Yes, I am willing to help you too." And I vaccinated scores of persons that day. The heathen had never before submitted to that treatment, and the excitement was intense. The news spread to other villages, and crowds came every day, many of them covered with spots at the time, and hoping to receive immediate relief. I wrote for help to the Government Medical Officer, and he sent out two trained native Vaccinators who were of great assistance. I sent them to several villages, where they vaccinated all who were willing, christian and heathen alike, and in three months the epidemic abated.

Throughout all this trying time the Lord was manifestly amongst us, and His hand was working in it all. Many were brought to know Him, and we had the joy during the following year of receiving hundreds of persons into His Church. The trials they had passed through had weakened their faith in the demons, and by sickness and death in their homes, their hearts had been softened and prepared for the seed of the Kingdom, which in many cases has brought forth fruit a hundredfold.

The Khasis burn the bodies of their dead; the duty of superintending this ceremony is deputed to the uncle, or the brother, of the deceased. The body is wrapped in coarse cloth, laid upon poles of bamboo forming a stretcher, and then carried by men to the burning-ghat followed by numbers of wailing women who are paid for their services. After the body is burned the ashes are collected and brought to the cromlechs. These cromlechs are large circular stones raised upon three smaller stones. All the ashes of the same clan are put under the same stone. In large villages there is a sacred grove where the ashes of the dead are deposited. Once every year, generally at the first moon of the year, all the clans congregate in this spot, and each surrounding its own particular cromlech, present food to the spirits of the dead. They offer pork, fowl, rice, liquor, fruit, lime, betel nut, &c.; the spirits are afforded sufficient time to enjoy as much as they wish, and the relatives, who are seated around, then eat up all the rest. Oftentimes the sacrifice is only an excuse that they themselves may enjoy a feast of fat things and please their demons at the same time.

Ceremony of Naming Children. This is a special event in the Khasi home and requires the presence of all the near relatives especially those on the mother's side. The eldest aunt performs the ceremony. Several names are selected, but the demon makes the final choice. A basket of eggs is placed in the centre and before the ceremony begins one egg has to be broken. Then the aunt of the child takes two sticks, and, raising them to her shoulder, lets them fall to the ground. Before they fall she shouts, "What name do you give the child?" the name is mentioned, and if, on falling upon the ground, one stick crosses the other, it is a proof that the name has won the approval of the demon. But if not then she says, "The demon will not have that name, you must try again." Another egg is broken and she tries another name. Often the ceremony is gone through six or seven times, or until all the eggs in the basket are broken. A young man who renounced heathenism in 1901 told me that some of the more cunning women cross the sticks before lifting them, and that when they do this they invariably fall crossed upon the ground. They thus save their eggs, save time and trouble, get the name they desire for the child, and best of all deceive the demon which they consider a feat to laugh about and feel proud of for a long time.



CHAPTER III.

THE MISSIONARY AND HIS WORK.

It is difficult to draw out a programme for a missionary. He must be a man for emergencies and a kind of Jack-of-all-trades. This is specially the case with one who works amongst the Hill tribes. He must be almost endless in his resources. He will require the strength of a horse; the patience of a Job; the zeal of the great Apostle of the Gentiles, and especially the consciousness of the continual presence of the Master. Before learning the language of the people among whom he is to labour, the Missionary has to live Christ with shut lips. The need of watchfulness over the smallest actions is obvious. Patience and grace from the Holy Spirit is needed during this waiting time lest this enforced inactivity should cause the missionary's zeal for souls to grow cold.

After the first year in a new country, when the language is partially learned, and the missionary has familiarised himself with the people and with his surroundings, he makes a general plan of work; but *No* plan can be adhered to strictly. There is the touring season from October to March when he travels far and wide over the whole of his district, visiting all the village schools, reaching many a heathen hamlet, and always pressing on towards 'the regions beyond' where God

is not known. Then again there are months in the year which must be spent at home, for there is important work to be done in the Mission Station and its vicinity. The schools need supervision; the teachers require guidance and instruction, and the elder boys and girls are to be trained for future usefulness in their own villages. The Churches too require to be established and strengthened and built up in Christian knowledge. These, and many other forms of service require the presence of the missionary. The first hours in the early morning he generally spends in the school where he goes round each class, giving words of instruction and encouraging the children to be diligent in their studies. Sometimes a teacher is absent and he has to supply his place; at the close of the school lessons he teaches them Tonic Sol-fa or a new Hymn. Returning to the Mission house he finds a number of people waiting for him; many of them have come from distant villages; they want medicine, for the missionary is supposed to be able to treat all ordinary ailments; coughs, colds, fever (malaria), cuts, bruises, &c., &c.; he is not a quack, for he has not the same cure for everything and everybody. After attending to all the patients there comes the morning meal, after which follows Family Prayers. This is a daily institution, and often there are from twenty to thirty people who join with him in this little morning service; the doors are always open and anyone may come in. It is not simply the benefit the people receive by attending this service that encourages the missionary to follow this plan, but also the fact that it gives to these people a rule to adopt in their own homes. And it is a joy to know that in hundreds of Christian families in Khasia Family Prayers are offered regularly.



JOWAI HEATHEN VILLAGE.



JOWAI CHRISTIAN VILLAGE.

Strengthened by this hour of worship the Missionary returns to work. He finds a group of persons outside who have just arrived from a far-away village. Two of them it seems have come to be married, and the Missionary, who is also a Registrar of Marriages, has to perform the ceremony.

Now a teacher has come and wants help in preparing for an examination ; an hour's instruction in English, or perhaps, an explanation of some difficult passages in Scripture, or of some problems in Theology. After the mid-day meal, the Missionary feels inclined to rest for an hour and read in a shady corner, for the heat is intense ; but, no, he sees some heathen men from the village standing outside ; he must go and talk to them. He sits with them under the verandah, and after a while asks them definitely if they want anything. " Only a talk " they say ; so he talks with them on many subjects ; the children, the weather, the crops, the Dolloi and Pator (leading men of the village), the prospect of harvest, and here and there he introduces religion. This, to a superficial observer is just a waste of time, and it often appears to the Missionary to be so, but really it is not so, for, by spending an hour or two in this way, he gets hold of men whom he could not possibly influence in the street or in the market, and he may, by this means, arouse in them a desire for better things. Many have told me that it was a talk of this kind which first led them to think seriously of religion, and to decide for Christ.

About four o'clock the heat of the day is over, and an hour or so is spent in visiting the Christians in their own homes : some one is sick and needs attention ; others

require stirring up for being negligent of the means of grace ; some are aged and infirm, and feel thankful for a quiet talk and a word of prayer.

Returning to the house, there is perhaps time for an hour's reading before the gong sounds for meeting. There are services of different kinds held each night of the week ; for, besides the regular Prayer Meeting and the weekly Church Meeting or Society, there are Bible Classes to be held, Christian Endeavour Meetings to be attended, and the Night School for young men to be visited.

And so the day closes. The Missionary has Prayers in English with his little family circle, and retires to rest, happy in the thought that he is doing the Lord's work, and building up His Kingdom.

OUR METHODS OF EVANGELISING.

Every missionary has a method of his own, and when we are allowed latitude to do as we think best, each one uses all the powers with which he has been endowed by God in endeavouring to carry on his work successfully. The methods we adopt in the Hills would perhaps not be the best on the Plains, and vice versa ; we have to consider the status and the circumstances of the people amongst whom we work.

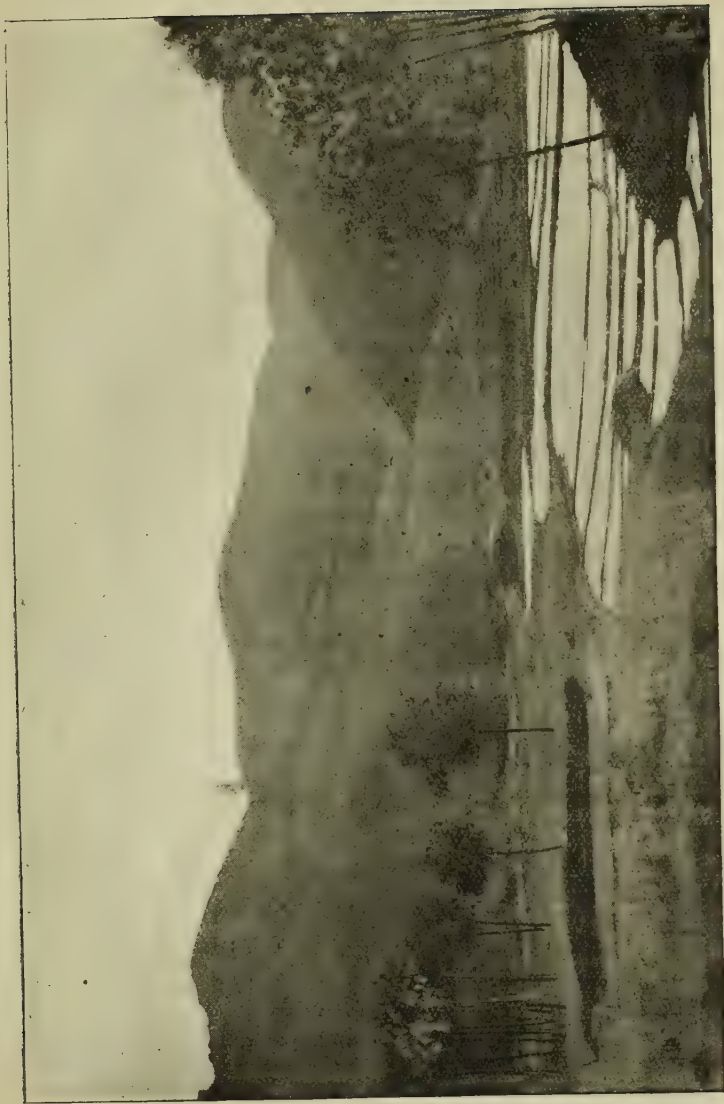
The chief means we use are:—(1) The opening of small schools in the villages. These schools have as their primary aim the raising of the standard of the Cross. They are chiefly evangelistic agencies, and the teacher is the preacher, doctor, lawyer, and chief factor

in the village. Any person anxious to become a Christian finds in the teacher a strong support, and often have such persons found shelter with him when persecuted by their relatives on account of their Christian faith. We can never over-estimate the amount of evangelistic work that centres in these rude little bamboo school-rooms, for we know that the large churches in Khasia to-day are the direct result of these little village schools.

All agree that these schools have been most useful in missionary work, and very few there are who would wish to see them closed. Now and then it appears to some as though the money spent on them should be used in more direct evangelistic work, but those who have had experience in missionary methods know that the little village school has proved a blessing in many a dark spot and that by the simple preaching and teaching of the faithful village teacher hundreds have been brought to know the Saviour.

We have institutions in Cherra and Shillong where young men are trained for teaching in these schools; their salaries amount to about £1 per month. Often the wives of these men help; they teach the girls and women to read the Bible, to sew, to wash, &c., and in this way they help on the work of civilization. There are 408 of these schools scattered over the Khasia and Jaintia Hills.

On Wednesday and Saturday evenings religious services are held, and on the Sabbath these schools in most villages are the chapels of the people; a Sunday-school is held, which is attended by old and young, and the teacher preaches twice every Sabbath day.



THE RICE FIELDS.

The teacher often makes a tour through the neighbouring villages, preaching in the open squares and market places to many hundreds of his heathen fellow-countrymen. And let me say here, that you can never expect a heathen to embrace Christianity without first teaching him the elementary truths of the new religion; his grasp of his old beliefs is too tenacious for him to relinquish them easily. He often asks the question "Who is this Jesus? Is He a white man? Is He an Englishman?" so that it is impossible to expect conversion until the people have an intelligent knowledge of Christianity. Since they belong to such a low race, this work is slow and arduous, but, nevertheless, we have abundant fruit for our labours, and the men and women whom we receive into our churches have a clear conception of repentance towards God and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ. This fact is emphasised when you compare the number of those expelled from our Church with the number expelled from other Churches. Xavier, when he went to evangelise India, preached the Gospel, and got the people to assent to it. At the close of his address he went to each one who had been moved by his teaching and made a cross on his forehead, making him by that act a member of the Christian Church. With what result? No sooner did Xavier leave the village than did his converts leave the new religion. But our converts know in Whom they have believed, and their religion is part of themselves, for they stand in the hour of temptation and prove faithful in all their trials.

(2.) Preaching in the villages and market places. There are always opportunities for preaching to the

heathen on a market day, when thousands congregate from all parts of the country. The Missionary, accompanied by a native Evangelist and a number of Christians, takes his stand in the centre of the market, choosing a large flat stone as a pulpit, and, if possible, taking advantage of the spreading branches of a tree to shade him from the burning mid-day sun. He commences by singing a hymn, which he sometimes accompanies on a concertina or a portable harmonium, and he is zealously assisted by his native helpers. The strains of music are heard above all the noise and confusion of buying and selling, and the people crowd around the singers. Some who have come from distant villages gaze in wonder at the white man, whom they now see for the first time; others are attracted by the "singing box," and ask in astonishment, "Is it a god? where does the sound come from? is there a spirit inside it?"; others draw near from mere curiosity, just to see and hear what is going on; but the missionary has secured his congregation. The children climb into the branches overhead to have a good view, and everyone listens when the white man speaks to them and tells for the first time the Story of the Cross.

"Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King,

Tell it out! tell it out!

Tell it out among the nations, let them shout and sing,

Tell it out! tell it out."

Many of the native evangelists speak with great power and earnestness, and are at their best in open-air preaching. They are so apt in their illustrations, and have such a good way of presenting the truths of the Gospel that they appeal at once to the hearts of the hearers. We are

but foreigners after all, consequently it is to the native Christians themselves we must look for the complete evangelisation of their own country.

Some of them have a most quaint manner of speech. A favourite line of argument is the following:—"You believe in the demons. What can they do for you? They take your fowls, your pigs, and your goats, and yet you are no better. How do you think the blood of a poor pig, or fowl, or goat will benefit you or cleanse you from sin? This Book tells us that God does not require the blood of bulls and goats, but that He hath sent us His Son, and Jesus Christ has given Himself a sacrifice for us and for the whole world. It is His blood alone that can wash away our sins, believe in Him, do not listen to the demons, they are worse than yourselves, and can never do you any good."

Another popular form is as follows:—"You always say when you sacrifice—'We sacrifice to thee, O demon, because we have not yet received the book that is to come from the West.' We tell you to-day that the Book *has* come from the West; these Missionaries have brought it to us; it is the Best Book, and the only one that can teach us how to be wise and good; if you come with us and read the Book you will not be groping in darkness any longer, but you will have light."

One of our best Native Ministers bears testimony that it was by listening to the Gospel presented in this manner in the market place in Shillong, that he was led to Christ.

"God speed the day when those of every nation
'Glory to God' triumphantly shall sing:
Ransomed, redeemed, rejoicing in salvation,
Shout 'Hallelujah, for the Lord is King.'"

STARTING A CAUSE IN A NEW VILLAGE.

This is always an interesting event, and one which every missionary hails with delight. A number of people, two or three families perhaps, in a village in my district, decide to become Christians, and send to me for a teacher. I have often noticed the pine trees in Khasia, which grow on the hills and in the valleys in abundance, and many a time have I asked, "Who planted these pines?" and a native would answer, "no one planted them, the wind carried the seed from those trees across the valley, and thus have they grown here." This may illustrate how the Gospel has spread in many of the villages. The seed is sown there by the Missionary, or by a teacher, and in a little while you hear that there are Christians in a village five miles away. How did they become Christians? you ask. Oh, the men of the first village had occasion to go to the other village to buy rice or to work in the fields. They stay the night there, and after the evening meal out comes the New Testament, for the Khasi Christians always carry their Bibles with them, and there by the light of the fire one of the men reads aloud the evening portion. The people of the house gather round in wonder, and when he has read the chapter they ask him a hundred questions about the Book. "Where did you get it? What does it say? Who taught you to read?" Then the man in his simple language tells them about the Missionary and about the Book, and the Old, Old Story is preached in that native hut for the first time. The story of Jesus and of His Love is proclaimed. On the morrow the man returns with his companions to his home, but not without the invitation "Come again, we want to hear more." Thus is the seed sown, to spring

up and bear fruit a hundred-fold. And so the urgent, pleading message comes, "Send us a teacher that we may learn more about Jesus." Who can resist such an appeal as that? I promised to go and visit them, and after three days' journeying over hills, across rivers, and through miles of jungle, I reached their village, and am soon sitting down on the ground in the midst of them. And nothing pleases a number of Khasis more than to squat down in a courtyard or in the porch of a native hut and have a talk with a white man.

It is the subject of the new school that is uppermost now; they promise to build the schoolroom if I send them a teacher. The question of site is decided upon, then the size and shape of the building—it is to be 20 feet long by 11 feet wide—just an ordinary village school. The leaders fix upon a day and all agree to go into the forest to cut down timber. There are the posts for the frame work of the building, the timber for the roof, the reed for the walls, and the grass for the roof. In a few days all the material is ready and carried into the village. Then all, men, women and children, join hands and put up the building. While the men are doing the heavier work, the women prepare the reed and the grass, and the children get ready the fibre, which is used for tying everything together, for no nails are used. The women daub the reed walls over with mud; this mud hardens and becomes as hard as cement. Soon all is ready, but they must have a table, and so there is one improvised by driving four blocks into the ground about 2 feet 6 inches long and about 18 inches apart, and upon these a rough plank is tied, and thus the table is formed. This table also does duty for a pulpit on Sunday, and is the

only piece of furniture the room contains. By and by, perhaps, they may be able to make a few low benches, but for the present everyone is content with sitting on the floor. With what delight they gaze at this new building ; it is neither large nor grand, but it is the work and labour of love, and it is the first building ever erected in the village for the worship of God. Now I must fulfil my promise and send them a teacher. How they long for the time to come, and when it comes they receive the man with joy and gladness. He is a Khasi like themselves, only that he has been trained in our schools ; he can read and write, and he understands the Catechism and the Christian Instructor ; he has attended the Missionary's Bible Classes, and can explain some of the simple passages of the Gospel. He is not very educated, but he is several stages above the people to whom he is sent.

I remember well sending a teacher to one of the new schools in the Haderm country. It was the first school that had been started in that part of the country, and was the talk of all the surrounding districts. The man started, and I expected him back at the end of a month, when he would give me an account of his work and receive his salary. But to my surprise, he returned in a little over a fortnight, and said: "Oh, saheb, they have nearly killed me." "Killed you!" I said, "what is the matter?" "Well," said he, "I taught the little boys and girls in the morning. Then during the day I went about the houses talking to the young mothers who remained at home to take care of their little ones, and those who were too old to go to the field. And at night I taught the young men after they came home from work. There

were many of them, so I would teach one lot to read until they got tired and said they wanted to sleep; then I went to teach those in the other corner of the school, but soon they got tired, and, wrapping themselves in their blankets, lay down to sleep. And so I thought I would go to sleep too, but no sooner would I lie down than the first lot would all awake and tell me they wanted another lesson. So I was kept at it all night, and if you send me there again, you'll never see me any more."



CHAPTER IV.

THE SABBATH DAY IN KHASIA.

Even an ordinary observer on the Sabbath Day would find a striking proof of the effect of Christianity upon the Khasi people. In a heathen village the Sunday differs not from any other day; the only day of note to a heathen Khasi is market-day or some heathen feast-day. But how different with a Khasi Christian! You see him coming out from his little hut in the early morning, with a clean white cloth wrapped about him, and he is listening for the sound of the gong which calls him to the seven o'clock prayer meeting; there he meets a faithful band of Christians, and together they join in prayer and praise to God in the early hours of the Sabbath Day. The Christian wife has stored on the previous evening her supply of firewood, has carried all the necessary drinking-water, all the paths and courtyards have been swept, the clothes washed, and the rice pounded and cleaned, so that the whole of the Sabbath may be given up entirely to the service of God. We have our Sunday-school, our preaching services, children's meeting, singing practice, and at night an open-air service for the heathen. It is a treat to spend a Sabbath Day in a Christian village on the Khasi Hills.

Many modern Christians at home would think the Khasi a stickler for Sunday observances. The Khasi believes in the letter of the commandment—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."

An old Christian in one of our villages, who employed a number of men, had forgotten one evening to bring home from the fields a special spade used in the cultivation of rice. The morrow was the Sabbath, and it would not be safe to leave the spade for a day in the fields, as it would probably be stolen. It was late at night when he found that the spade was missing, so without telling anyone of his intention he decided to rise very early on the Sunday morning and go to the field for it. He did so, and brought back the spade long before the people were about. During the day the old man attended the services as usual, but, at the Church meeting on the following Wednesday night, he got up suddenly and asked the Church to listen to what he had to say. As he was not accustomed to speak in the meetings, all looked up with surprise, and this is what he said:—"Last Sunday I broke the Sabbath. I walked three miles to the field to fetch my spade and thus transgressed the commandment of God. You must expel me. I am not worthy any longer to be a member of the Church." He then sat down weeping. After a serious pause, another old man stood up and asked him if he felt sorry for what he had done. "Oh, yes; I am sorry." "Well, mind you don't do it again," said the other, "and we will forgive you this time." And thus the matter ended. These are men born and bred in heathenism, but who have renounced it for Christianity; and once



SABBATH SCHOOL SCHOLARS AND TEACHERS, SHANGPOONG.

they embrace the Christian religion they do so with a tenacity that would make Christians of maturer years blush with shame.

An educated native one day entered a village and engaged a number of Christians to go with him as coolies into North Cachar to work on a new railway which was in course of construction there. Wages were agreed upon, with the stipulation that Sunday was to be free. They started on a Monday morning and travelled on through the jungle. On Saturday night the Sirdar told the men "To-morrow we must travel, it is useless keeping Sunday here in the jungle." The Christians reminded him of his bargain, and he became infuriated; they persisted, however, and said that rather than travel on the Sabbath, and thus profane God's day, they would forfeit all their pay and return to their homes on the Monday, and this they did after spending the whole of the Lord's Day in the silence and loneliness of the jungle.

A family had just renounced heathenism in a village called Harwan. The mother and her daughters attended the services on the Sabbath. Early on the second Sunday the Mission Teacher saw that bullocks belonging to these Christians were being led out to plough in the fields. On looking into the matter, he found that the brothers of these women, who were still heathen, finding the oxen idle on the Sunday, thought it a splendid opportunity for making use of them themselves. But the teacher thought differently, and on the following Sunday he watched these men, and, standing at the door of the cowshed, he repeated to them the whole of the Fourth

Commandment, emphasising that on the seventh day "thou shalt not do any work, thou *nor thy cattle.*" "The owners of these oxen are Christians," he said, "and the oxen are to have the benefit of their owners' Christianity." And he won the day.

There is nothing more conducive to the building up of a Christian character in a people who have only recently renounced heathenism than the enforcing of stringent rules regarding Sabbath observance. They need to have plain paths for their feet, and they are very ready to walk in them.

Sunday services are held regularly in all our village schools all over the hills, and it is pleasant to see the different families as they wend their way over the slopes of the hills and descend to the little village in the hollow. There they meet little bands of Christians from other parts, and together they enter the little bamboo building and join heartily in the service of praise. The teacher preaches the Gospel to them; they read from their own Bibles the Word of God, and he explains it to them; they sing, and the children repeat portions of Scripture; then they close with prayer, and go back across the hills and along the jungle paths to their little thatched huts, there to end the day with song, the hills resounding with the music of the Lord's song in a strange land. And as many a heathen hears the Gospel sung on a Sabbath evening he is led to wonder and to enquire about this new religion.

CHRISTIAN BAPTISMAL SERVICE.

This is always a most interesting service in the Khasi Church. Sometimes the number to be baptized is large,



SHANGPOONG SCHOOL BOYS.

very frequently twenty to thirty persons present themselves for baptism in one service, and you may see a father, mother, and five or six children all dedicating themselves at the same time to the Lord.

It is a beautiful sight, too, when the Christian parents bring their little ones to be baptized. Sometimes a father comes up to me during the service and says : "We feel so thankful to God for giving us this child, and we want to give something to the Church as an acknowledgment to the Lord for His great goodness," and then he quietly puts on the communion table a bit of paper containing *R*10 or *R*20, which is as much to him as £5 to a working man in Wales.

We find the Khasi Christians anxious to give English names to their children. Most of the names current in Khasia are those of heathen deities ; U Ram and Ka Synshar being the most common. These are now discarded by the Christians, and their choice of new names is often most interesting. One boy is baptized Royal Edward, another Oliver Cromwell ; one bears the unusual name of Overland, and another the startling one of Water Kingdom. The girls' names are not so pronounced—Lily, Flora, Elris, Ella, Daisy, Dolly, Brindisi being favourites.

The baptismal service is always an impressive one, and the missionary urges upon the parents the necessity of setting a good example before their children and of training them in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.



CHAPTER V.

GIVING UP A KINGDOM FOR CHRIST.

Some of my readers may be inclined to doubt the accuracy of the following narrative ; but yet, true it is, and the facts may be verified any day from the Government records.

In the year 1875 U Borsing Siem and his family renounced heathenism and accepted Christianity. For some time before this U Borsing's son, named Chondro Mohonsing, a very intelligent young man, had attended our Mission School in Cherrapoonjee and had been under the instruction of the Missionary, the Rev. Hugh Roberts. He had also attended the Sunday School and preaching services, and was very deeply impressed with what he had heard. He kept telling his relatives and friends in the home all the wonderful things the missionary taught him ; he sang the hymns and repeated the lessons learned in the Sunday School. These made a deep impression, especially upon the father, who was in the direct line to become King of Cherrapoonjee. The young man gradually sickened, and before he died received his mother's promise that she would become a Christian. Soon after the son's death the parents removed their house from its old site to a spot near the Christian Compound, and it was not long before the whole family joined the Church, and they were baptized in April, 1876.

In a short time the King of Cherra, U Ramsing Siem, died, and, according to Khasi custom, U Borsing, cousin of the late king, was the lawful successor to the throne. But when the Khasia Hills came under British protection the Indian Government inserted a clause that the election of a king should be by vote, and that anyone who was in the royal line might stand as a candidate for the kingship.

Another cousin, therefore, put forth his claim, and he spread the story far and wide that U Borsing had forfeited his right to the throne because he had accepted Christianity; that he could not now fulfil the duties of king if elected, because most of their laws had to be administered accompanied by sacrificing to obtain the approval of the demons.

A Durbar was called, and all the people in the kingdom were summoned to Cherra. The question was put to U Borsing by one of the chiefs of the clan: "Do you renounce Christianity before we take the vote on the kingship?" He was silent for a moment; all eyes were fixed upon him, and every ear was open to catch his reply. Then came the answer: "No! I will never give up Christianity." This decided the matter. The people shouted, "We shall vote for a heathen king," and U Hajan Manik was chosen. In a little while the Deputy Commissioner arrived, and confirmed the appointment of U Hajan Manik.

Shortly afterwards the new king claimed all the rice land of U Borsing as being the property of the throne. The matter was taken into the law courts, and U Hajan

Manik won the day. Thus U Borsing lost his kingdom, his land, and all his wealth, for he had spent large sums of money in carrying on the lawsuit. But he bore his troubles bravely. He led a consistent Christian life and brought up his children in the Christian faith; his sons ultimately became deacons in the Church, and his daughters the wives of Christian teachers. He died in 1888, having proved himself to be a faithful follower of Christ to the end. He had given up an earthly kingdom but had gained a heavenly one; instead of an earthly crown he received a crown of glory that fadeth not away.

GIVING UP HEATHENISM.

It is difficult to point out any one definite reason that induces a man to renounce heathenism and embrace Christianity. It is often a combination of causes, some of which may have been at work for a considerable time. But at last something definite occurs, which leads to a final decision.

As soon as a family decide to become Christians, they send to the nearest Christian teacher, asking him to come at once and burn their idols or house-gods; for, in every Khasi house, there is a certain sacred spot devoted to the demons; it may be only a small bamboo basket fixed on a pole in the corner of the hut, or it may be a stick besmeared with the blood of fowls and pigs that have been sacrificed, and perhaps a few feathers stuck here and there. All these traces of heathenism have to be cleared out of the house and burned in the courtyard before the family feel free from fear and at liberty to forsake their old religion.

Some come because of other reasons, such as fear caused by a great earthquake, as in 1897, or by a devastating epidemic of small-pox or cholera, as in 1898 in the Shangpoong district. But in most cases there is a sense of discontentment with their old religion; though they have given freely of their substance they have had nothing in return; they have asked bread and have received a stone. When people are converted through this sense of spiritual want and hunger, they become firm and steadfast Christians, and nothing will induce them to return to their old superstitions.

It often happens that only one of a large family decides for Christianity. This means a time of persecution. In the first place, he will be tempted by all manner of inducements to retrace his steps; then they deride him, trying to laugh him out of it; afterwards they will resort to trickery, and try to waylay the new convert and break him off from his new friends; and if this fails they threaten to cut off the offender root and branch, taking away his rightful portion and never allowing him again to enter the home. This and much more is often done; but it is of no avail; he stands firm and joins the Church of Christ. Very often, if the convert is a girl, she will be sheltered by a Christian family; she will work hard in the fields for a livelihood, and will ultimately marry a Christian young man, and form a home for herself. We have many young people in our churches who have thus left father and mother for the Kingdom of Christ, bearing persecution meekly, yet bravely, counting it an honour to give up all for the sake of Jesus their Saviour.

CHRISTIANITY TESTED.

The Siem or King of Khadsawphrah is a Christian and a deacon in the Church at Mairang. Soon after his elevation to the throne he came to our Missionary, the Rev. Griffith Hughes, who was stationed in that district at the time, and asked if one of the mission teachers would be allowed to teach him to read. Soon afterwards he commenced attending the services and the Sabbath school, and after some time he told the Missionary that he wished to join the Church. "Have you counted the cost?" "Yes, I have," he said. "Do you know that most of your subjects are heathen? and that they will report you to the Government and demand an election, and that you may lose your kingdom?" "I have considered all this," he replied, "but I would rather give up the kingdom of Khadsawphrah than the Kingdom of Christ." A complaint was lodged against him in Shillong, and Colonel Clarke, a Government officer, was sent out to Khadsawphrah to arrange an election. All the subjects of the kingdom were called before him, and he asked all who wished that U Kinesing should remain King to stand around him, and those who favoured the rival heathen candidate to stand on the other side. U Kinesing had been King for some years, ruling justly, and the people had learned to love him. Now they admired him for the bold stand he had made, and he received an almost unanimous vote. He is King to this day. The Government honoured him by inviting him to the Grand Durbar held at Delhi in January, 1903, and conferred upon him the title of Rajah. He continues a faithful Christian, and always ready to advance the cause of Jesus Christ.

CHAPTER VI.

ANSWERS TO PRAYER.

I.—HOW L. GOT MONEY FOR HIS NEW CHAPEL.

In one of the villages in Jaintia there lived a good Christian deacon, who desired very much to raise sufficient money to build a stone chapel. The wooden building in which the Christians had met every Sabbath for some years was not to his mind. Many of the houses in the village were better built than the House of God, and this he felt was not right. God must have the best. And he prayed night and day that they should have a stone building. (This happened before the earthquake of 1897). He called all the Christians together and told them the burden which lay upon his mind. They were roused by his appeal, and all promised help both in money and labour. But after he had received their promises, and had calculated the money that would be required for the labour and materials, he found that quite Rs 100 were still needed. What should he do? He could not wait; they must have the building. There was a Presbytery to be held in a few days in Shella, some four days' journey away. "I will go there," he said, "and I may meet with some friends who will help me." Usually,

when making this journey, he travelled in company with others, for the road was a lonely one, and there were three nights to be spent on the way. But this time, he said, "I will go alone, and talk with God as I go along." He started on Tuesday, and as he travelled day after day he told God all that was in his heart. On Friday he arrived in Shella. Many of his old friends from other parts of the country met him there, and each one accosted him with, "Khublei; how are you getting on in Jaintia? You are going to build a new chapel, are you not?" "Yes, but how did you know?" "Oh, something seemed to tell me so. I will give you Rio towards it." And so, one after another offering help, he received the whole amount needed before the Presbytery closed. God had heard his prayer. "I don't know how I got home," he said; "the ground seemed to glide under my feet. I never did the journey so quickly in my life; my heart was leaping with joy." Very soon the hill in the centre of that village was crowned with a pretty stone chapel, which was opened one Sabbath morning, *free of debt*.

2.—THE LITTLE BHOI BOY.

Far away in the Bhoi country a little boy had come to know Jesus. He had left his house just a year before, and had been working for a man in a neighbouring village, herding cattle and goats on the hill sides. His master was a Christian, and the little boy remained with him for twelve months. During that time he heard of the true God, and of His Son Jesus Christ. The wonderful story of the love of Jesus was quite new to him, and he very soon learned to love the Saviour. When his

year of service was over he returned to his own village, his little heart full of the glad news of Salvation, which he longed to tell out to his old companions. They were all heathens; there was not one person in the whole village who had ever heard of Jesus, and when this little boy told them about the great God in heaven they only laughed at him. But the boy persevered and prayed without ceasing that the Lord would soften their hearts and incline them to listen to him. Meanwhile he worshipped God all alone; and though his parents and friends taunted him he would not give up his new religion but let his light shine for Jesus day by day.

After a few months had passed, all the men and the boys of the village went one day into the jungle for sport. In the forest, in a fork formed by two branches of a tall tree, they spied a large honeycomb. After trying every means to reach it, they began taunting the little Christian boy, saying, "Now, then, pray to your God; you tell us that He answers prayer; ask Him now to bring down that honeycomb from the tree and we will believe in Him." The little boy trembled nervously. He turned aside, and falling upon his knees under one of the forest trees, prayed earnestly: "O God! send down the honey! Let these people see that Thou art God." Instantly, the honeycomb fell to the ground at the very feet of the men who had been mocking. There was no wind, and they knew that it had come down in answer to the boy's prayer. They were so convinced of the wonderful power of God that they fulfilled their promise, and from that moment believed in Him.

3.—THE CHILD AND THE TIGER.

There was a little girl living in a village in the part of

the country called Sumár who joined the Christian Church. The child attended our day and Sabbath School, and was faithful to all the services. She learned to read, and could repeat the Lord's prayer. One day she and her mother, who was not a Christian, went into the forest to gather firewood ; each carried on her back a conical-shaped basket in which to put the fallen branches. As they were returning homeward in the evening, they walked along a narrow path, the little girl in front and the mother directly behind. Suddenly, a huge tiger bounded out of the jungle and pounced upon the little girl ! The woman, terribly frightened, took up a stick and struck the tiger, saying, " God never made us to be eaten up by wild beasts." But the little girl lifted up her heart to God with one little prayer, " Oh ! come quick and save me." Instantly the tiger released his hold, and darted back into the jungle and was seen no more. In about three days I was passing through this village, on my way to the Hadem Country in North Cachar. I saw the little girl, and, looking at the deep marks of the tiger's claws in her shoulders, I asked her, " How did you feel when he sprang upon you ? " " Oh," she replied, " once I had prayed I knew God would keep me, and the tiger would have to let go."

The teacher then came up and asked me if I had any poison in my bag with which to kill tigers. One of these animals had been prowling about the village the night before and had killed a cow. After eating a portion he had left the rest, but the teacher knew he would return that evening to finish his meal. I gave him the poison, and told him how to hide it in the meat that was left.

On the following morning the villagers were startled at seeing a huge tiger near the well at the bottom of the hill ; he was in a crouching attitude, and for a time they stood and threw stone, shouting loudly to frighten him away. Seeing that he did not move, they mustered courage and went down in a large body. When they came near the well they found that the tiger was dead. He had eaten the poisoned flesh, and, feeling thirsty, had just strength enough to crawl to the well when he expired. The native Christians skinned the beast and cut off his head, bringing the skull and the skin to me in Shangpoong. The skull I sent to Government, and was given the usual reward for exterminating wild animals, viz., *R*20. This money was spent in helping the churches in Sutynga district to entertain a Presbytery the following spring ! The skin I cured, and it is to-day on the floor of my home in Wales.

4.—PRAYING FOR RAIN.

It was a hot, dry season in Shangpoong. We had heard of the awful famine in the North-west Provinces, the Madras and Bombay Presidencies, and feared that the people of the Hills would suffer in the same way. It was the month of July. The rice had been sown over a month, and was already several inches above the ground, but we had weeks of dry weather in the midst of the rainy season, which was very unusual. There was but little water in the rivers, and all the streams were dry ; the earth cracked and the sky was clear and cloudless and, without a sign of rain.

The Christians were distressed, the heathen resorted to sacrificing to their gods. The leaders of the Church

came to consult me, saying, "What shall we do? Cannot we hold a prayer meeting and ask God to send rain?" I said, "Wait a few days. Perhaps before Sunday we shall have rain." But the Sabbath dawned and no rain had fallen. So it was decided to announce that the following day should be observed as a Day of Prayer. One of the deacons said, "Mind you come to chapel to-morrow, all of you; the whole day must be spent in prayer; don't go to your fields, or do any work, but come to the House of God."

The morrow dawned; no rain. We assembled, men, women and children, at seven o'clock in the morning. Many prayers were offered, the burden of the petitions being, "O, God! send rain! pardon us if we have offended and grieved Thee; do not pour out Thy wrath upon us." At ten o'clock we had another prayer meeting, and the prayers ascended to heaven. "O, God! send rain! if Thou dost not hear us, the heathen will mock Thy people. Outstretch Thy mighty arm and send rain speedily." Three o'clock came and we assembled together again. And still the prayers went up, "O, God! O, God! send rain! we beseech Thee. If Thou dost not have mercy, we shall be cut off from the earth, our cattle will perish, our children will die, and Thy Name will be forgotten in this place. Remember us in Thy love!"

I remember well returning slowly to the Mission House after this meeting. Looking up to the sky, it seemed to mock me; there was not a cloud, no, not the size of a man's hand; the heat was intense, and the

whole country seemed to be parched by the prolonged drought. My heart almost failed me, but yet something encouraged me to go on, and be instant in prayer.

At seven o'clock we had our last meeting. After singing and reading there was the same prayer offered up again, the same earnest petition, "O, God! send rain! send it *now!*" And, as the words were uttered, we heard rain-drops pattering on the iron roof of the chapel, and in a few minutes down came the rain in a very deluge! One of the school-boys ran up to the house for our umbrellas (we had not sufficient faith to have taken them with us to the meeting). It rained heavily all night long, and throughout the next and the following days. The thirsty land drank in the water, the crops revived, and we had an abundant harvest. Never did I realize more fully the power of prayer. And my own soul received a blessing in witnessing the great faith of these people. They go to God with his own word, "Ask, and ye shall receive," and they are not disappointed.



CHAPTER VII.

THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

The year 1897 is always looked back upon as the year of the great earthquake. Anyone living in Khasia for a few years would be accustomed to earthquakes, and would not be alarmed at a noise resembling thunder coming from underground, followed by a great shaking of the earth. We had often been aroused at night by these sounds, and had rushed out from the bungalow in our night clothes, but by the time we were outside all would be still again. And so these frequent occurrences had almost hardened us and made us for a moment indifferent to the great event on this memorable date, June 12, 1897.

It was a Saturday afternoon ; it had rained heavily all the morning, but the afternoon was brighter. About five o'clock, I was sitting in my little room arranging for the meetings of the Sabbath, when a deacon who was in the room with me cried, "Saheb, an earthquake ! let's move out ; it's a big one !" and hearing a noise like the report of a cannon, and feeling the house shake violently we ran out together. Windows were smashed in all the rooms pictures and bookcases fell, and the noise was awful. I sought my wife and found her in the passage ; the

ceiling was falling on our heads as we rushed out, and no sooner had we crossed the threshold than the walls fell in, and the whole house came down with a crash, and the furniture which the house contained was all destroyed. All this happened in less than three minutes. We knew not what to do ; we could not run away as from fire or any other damage, for the whole earth was shaking violently and the ground opening beneath our feet. There were large cracks and fissures in all directions. The hills seemed to rise and fall in an awful convulsion, and the trees swayed to and fro. Looking towards the spot where our stone chapel and schoolroom stood a few minutes before we could see nothing but a cloud of dust.

The same thing had occurred all over the Hills ; in that brief time every building had fallen, every chapel, every school house, every mission house, as well as every Government building was now a heap of ruins. But God saved the lives of His missionaries, not one of them suffered death ; all were allowed to escape in time, with their wives and little children, from the falling houses.

The Khasis who lived in wooden huts were comparatively safe, but those who dwelt in stone houses suffered considerably. The number of those who lost their lives in the earthquake was very great. Most of the deaths occurred in the Shella district, where there were great landslips which carried away whole villages, the houses and people were hurled into the ravine below. And although the death-rate was so high at the time of the earthquake a larger number still died during the year which followed it from want and exposure. It was a bad year for the crops, and the people were too weak to

work and gather them in, so that before December closed hundreds of the Khasis, old and young, had been swept away.

It was, however, a time of great spiritual awakening and numbers were added to the churches. Some of these, it is true, returned back to their old ways when the fear and excitement were over, but many remain faithful, and point to the earthquake as the great event in their lives.

All the missionaries lost their houses, and many of them spent the night in the market place, crouching in little grass huts which offered some slight protection from the drenching rain. We were more fortunate, and got a small Khasi hut that had recently been built and had stood the strain of the previous day. We sat on the floor with a little wood fire burning near us; our minds were filled with fear, for the shocks kept recurring at frequent intervals the whole night long. The people were very terrified, and came shouting, "The end of the world, the end of the world! *La wai pyrthei.*" I said, "Be still, it is the hand of God, who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind." A verse of Scripture had come to my mind like a voice from heaven, "Be still, and know that I am God." This kept me perfectly calm in the midst of it all.

Sunday morning dawned; it rained heavily all day as it had done throughout the night, and we were helpless in a strange land—without a home, without a chapel, without a schoolroom, with no place where we could call the people to worship. However, at four o'clock in the afternoon I called the Christians together, and there, on

the ruins of the old chapel we held a prayer meeting, and decided to erect again a house in which to worship God. On Monday the whole village, heathen and Christian, helped me to clear away the ruins of the old houses, and for days they brought rice, potatoes and eggs to supply our daily wants. One man brought a bag of rice, another a basket of potatoes, and they said, "We will share to the last with you, for you are the servant of God." One Christian brought me a little bag and said, "Saheb, take this, it contains all my savings for two years; I could not keep it at home when I knew that the servant of God had lost his home and everything he possessed." When I opened the bag I found twelve rupees, equal to sixteen shillings. I said, "Thank you, friend, I cannot take your money, for I do not really need it, but I accept the spirit in which you offer it." This did me more good than if an Englishman had given me £500, for it was a proof of the genuineness of the love which the Khasis have for their missionaries. It showed that they were ready to share their all with them in their day of trial.

The appeal made to the Churches in Wales at that time was taken up so heartily, and money supplied so willingly that almost all the buildings which were destroyed by the earthquake were rebuilt during the three following years. And so the work was not allowed to suffer.

RE-BUILDING THE CHAPEL.

It was heartrending to witness the destruction caused by the earthquake, especially to see all our chapels and places of worship in ruins. Some of the heathen said,

“This can never be the true religion or the chapels would never be in ruins.” We scarcely knew how to answer them, so stunned were we by this awful calamity. But this did not damp the zeal of the Christians; they determined at once to erect a temporary building of wood, and thus have time to collect money and materials for a new chapel. A small schoolroom was soon put up, in which all the services were held for some time. And on the first Sabbath day it was announced that promises would be received from all the Christians of contributions towards a new chapel. How we rejoiced to see the ready generosity with which they responded to this appeal, men whose wages average 8 annas a day saying they would give *R*15; others gave *R*50, and some *R*100; poor widows gave *R*10 or *R*15, and boys promised *R*2 and *R*1. When all was counted up we found that the promises amounted to *R*700. We received a grant of *R*1200 from the earthquake fund, and realized about *R*500 from the sale of old materials rescued from the ruins. But this was not enough. So the church members decided that they would burn and carry all the lime needed. Timber for the pillars was given by our heathen neighbours, and most of the Christians promised they would work willingly in the erection of the building. The foundation was soon dug out, and we commenced our work in earnest. All skilled labour had been monopolised in the larger stations and by Government in erecting Government buildings. I managed to get a very ordinary mason to do the stone work, and I took the responsibility of superintending the wood work myself. Having spent some years in an engineering works I could draw a plan, and I knew something also

of the use of tools; no training comes am-
 ary. I singled out a dozen men, sen-
 tools to Calcutta, and set them all to
 and as they became more adept I rai-
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 and the couples for the roof, and s
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 out ten months, and it was a
 nksgiving when we held the
 w chapel was opened free of
 ol of 180 and a congregation
 ervices there every Sabbath.

CHAPTER VIII.

TYPES OF CHARACTER.

Some of the Khasis are men of very strong convictions ; once they believe that a certain course is best for them, they will take it at all costs.

The following incident came under my notice recently. A young man in one of our Mission stations had been brought up by Christian 'parents and trained in our schools, with the hope that he would become a very useful Christian worker. As a boy he was largely under the influence of one of the greatest missionaries of the age—the late Rev. Jerman Jones. But as the lad grew up he appeared for a time indifferent to Christian work, and in time he entered the Government service. His moral character throughout this period was unimpeachable. He married one of our Christian girls and had a large family. But after several years had passed he became suddenly under deep conviction ; he felt that God had called him even in his youth to give himself up entirely to His service, but that he had disobeyed the call. He could find no rest, and sought vainly to reason the matter out with himself, although feeling all the time

that the call, so long disregarded, must be obeyed now. "But I am a married man; I have a large family; I have a comfortable position; I can do Mission work now in my spare time and on the Sabbath; I can give my money to help on the work." These were the arguments he had to contend with from his own heart, and which his wife and friends endeavoured to emphasise. But, after about twelve months' struggle, he determined at last to give up his position under the Government, with its prospect of a pension, and to devote himself entirely to the advancement of the Saviour's Kingdom, and to live absolutely on the Providence of God, depending upon Him for food and clothing and for all the necessities of life for his family. This man has been living and working thus for three years (1904), and he wrote to me the other day, saying, "The Lord hath abundantly blessed me, and I have never been in want for a single day." This is an instance of faith exhibited in the life of a Khasi Christian which should stimulate the faith of many in the home-land.

We have some very fine native preachers on these Hills, men trained in our Theological institutions, some of them now fully ordained to the work of the ministry. These are men who can command large audiences and hold them spell-bound, men really gifted in power of mind, and with pure and beautiful characters, so that they win the respect and admiration of all, and will as days go on become towers of strength amongst their own people. These men are the salt of the Khasi nation, and will certainly, though perhaps slowly, purify and elevate the race. They are the fruit of our Mission, and we feel



KHASI WEDDING.

proud that we have at our side as native leaders men that the Churches in Wales would rejoice to know and to call brethren.

Then again we have men of a lower order of merit intellectually, but admirably fitted for the positions they occupy as leaders in the Churches. Just as there were vessels of gold, silver and clay in the Sanctuary, so in the Churches in Khasia we have various orders, and each in his own sphere doing excellent work. Such a man is one of our oldest deacons, who is known throughout the Hills as a man of most beautiful character. He is very rough and uncouth outwardly, but most simple and child-like in disposition. He is always to be seen on some mission of kindness. "Where have you been to-day?" I ask him when I meet him sometimes. "I have been visiting a poor widow, who is in great trouble," he will probably reply, or, "I have been urging that heathen family to become Christians." And when this old man succeeds in winning over a family to Christianity his face beams with joy and he walks briskly along telling the good news to everyone he meets.

The brethren at our Presbytery meetings always give this man a ready hearing, for they know he has something good to say. He is often appointed to visit the Churches, especially if there happens to be any friction, and he is very successful in pouring oil on the troubled waters. I have never heard a man denounce sin in all its forms with greater severity, but if a man or woman trespasses or takes a backward step he is always the first at their side to help to give them a fresh start. Such characters are very valuable in any Church.

This old man was once appointed to go with me to M— to help the Church there in the election of deacons. We arrived at the little country village together, and soon the gong was sounded, calling the people to the meeting. The service commenced as usual by singing, reading and prayer. Then I told the Church our business, and expressed the hope that they had asked to be guided in the choice of men to act as deacons, as it was an important office in the Church of God. I then called all the members one by one into a corner, and told the old man to ask them the name or names of those whom they wished to elect as deacons. The members had come out in strong numbers that evening, and, after all had been questioned, we found that two persons had received a sufficient number of votes to be elected. I called the two men, and, strange to say, they proved to be father and son. I asked the father, "Do you accept the call of the Church?" and he replied, "I never expected it, but if the Church wishes me to serve, I will do my best; I am poor and ignorant, but I love Jesus and His house." Then I asked the young man, "Do you accept the call of the Church?" and, trembling from head to foot, he replied, "I am too young; the responsibility is too great." "Never mind your age," I told him, "you will grow older every day; and as for your ability, the Church is the best judge of that." Then he replied, "Very well, I will try and do my best." This over, I asked my companion, the old deacon, to come forward and give a word of advice to these two men and also to speak a word to the Church. The old man stepped forward lightly, and stood for a moment on tip-toe. This was a sign to me that he was in a good

mood and ready for his work. He began, "Look here, my good men, never bring disgrace on the cause of Christ; you have been called to a high and important office; you have been honoured; now remember your position and live up to it. I consider a man a good deacon," he continued, "if he can do three things: (1), look after the collections, see that they are made in good time, and that one collection does not clash with another; (2), look well after the children, see that they behave well, especially in the House of God; (3) look after those people who come late to chapel; they disturb everybody and get little good themselves. If you do these three things you will make good deacons." Then, turning to the Church, he said: "You have honoured these men to-day, honour them to-morrow and always. You women of the Church, don't speak disrespectfully of your deacons; you have chosen them to be the golden vessels of the Sanctuary; you must remember that woman is the weaker vessel, you are vessels of clay, and if an earthen vessel comes against an iron or a golden one it will suffer. You will get the worst of it if you offend your deacons."

DESTROYED BY A TIGER.

It was a few years before the great earthquake of 1897 that the following incident took place in Khasia. A family living in a village far away in the Hills were anxious to become Christians. The father, a man of about sixty years of age, came to me in Shangpoong one day and said he wanted to become a Christian. "Why," I asked him. The old man replied, "Because I am tired of the Khasi religion; I have sacrificed to

the demons for sixty years, and the heathen religion does not satisfy me ; I want to learn about your God." After a little talk I told the old man to wash his body and to cut off his long hair, for the heathen Khasi allows his hair to grow quite long ; it is one of the rites of his religion. On the following Sabbath he was in our little village chapel with his wife and children all clean and tidy. Next market day he came up to our house and asked me to sell him a New Testament and a Hymn Book. I offered him a Primer, whereby he would be able to learn to read, but the old man replied, " No, I am too old now to learn to read, but I want to go to chapel on Sunday, respectable, like other people." So I sold him the Books, and he went away happy, hugging the Testament to his breast, just like a child would a new doll ; it was the first time he had ever had the Word of God in his possession.

In a few months' time the old man had to go to see to his rice fields in the valleys, about 1,000 feet down the slope of the hill. So he told his wife in the morning that he would go and drain the water off the rice-field and return home by sunset. But the old man never returned.

The wife sent a message to me next morning asking me if I would go and look for her husband. " We look to you now as our friend and helper," she said ; " since we gave up heathenism you are our father and our mother ; we fear something has happened to the old man, for a tiger has been roaming about the village for several nights." I called together all the Christians, and also sent a message to the Chief of the heathen village asking him to bring all his men to help me in my search

for the old man. He willingly consented, and about ten o'clock we all started down the slope of the hill, the heathen carrying spears and long knives in their hands, and their long dishevelled hair waving in the breeze.

We got down to the foot of the hill, and after crossing a brook we saw on the ground a coat and a bill-hook which were recognized as the property of the old man. I went on a little further, and there in a little hollow I saw a few bones, just the elbow blade, a few fingers, and part of the thigh. The men shouted, "Oh, the tiger has been here, and has eaten up the old man." We put the bones into a bag with the coat and the bill-hook, and sent word to the top of the hill to prepare the old woman for the sad news of her husband's death.

We then followed slowly and in about three hours reached the top of the hill. There I made a little coffin and put the bones, and the coat, and the hatchet into it. Just as I was about to fasten down the cover, the poor old woman came out with the Testament and hymn book in her hand. "Let me put these in too," she said. I tried to persuade her not to, but to give them to her children. "No, no" she replied "How can the old man sing in Heaven without his hymn-book? how can he read there without his New Testament?" He had never been able to read on earth but she thought he would be able to do so in Heaven. So I granted the old woman's request, and then on the slope of the hill we dug a small grave and tenderly put down the coffin praying as we filled in the soil that God would be a Father to the fatherless and a Husband to the widow. As we returned home to Shangpoong the thought that was uppermost in

my mind was, "will the old woman stand, or will she be disappointed and go back to heathenism?"

A few weeks later I went to the village on a Sabbath Day to preach. The old woman came up to me after the sermon and said, "You did me good to-day; my heart was sad when I came here; now I am saved." Then, taking a few eggs from under her shawl, she said, "There, take these and mind to share them with your wife." Some time afterward I received this woman and her children into Church Membership, and baptized them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. After the baptism and previous to her partaking of the Lord's Supper, I asked the old woman "What do you know about the death of Christ?" She replied, "Don't ask me any questions, there's only one thing I know, and that is that I love Jesus Christ." That old woman is faithful to this day and is a strong and zealous supporter of the Lord's cause in her own village. One of her sons is a teacher and is likely to make an earnest and successful worker in the Master's Vineyard.

DISAPPOINTMENTS.

"All is not gold that glitters," and all who join the Church are not true Christians. We meet with disappointments, and often feel faint-hearted and discouraged. A young man, trained in our schools, and with every prospect of becoming a good, useful teacher or preacher, falls away, commits sin, very often breaking the seventh commandment, he then lapses into indifference, and for a time we lose sight of him. Sometimes we are called upon to exercise discipline upon an offender, and our Church

discipline in Khasia has to be administered with firmness tempered by love, or the Churches would fall away from the path of duty.

Soon after reaching Khasia I was called upon to discipline a man who had been, for years, a member of the Church ; in fact he had come to Christianity when quite a boy, led by an uncle who was the first Christian in his village. This man possessed exceptional natural ability, and was able to talk well, concisely and intelligently. He was far above the average in intelligence, and he had great influence over his companions. He had been giving trouble to the Church for some time, and had been pardoned, warned, coaxed, and threatened, but it was of no avail ; he had given way to drink, and went from bad to worse. Something had to be done. In addition to all this he had been stealing land from some of his neighbours, and they threatened litigation. These two matters were brought before the deacons and myself. We decided after several sittings that the man had really stolen the land, and must restore it to its rightful owner, or that the matter would have to be reported to the Government. As to the charge of drunkenness, we agreed that the offender must be excluded from Church Membership. The man left the Church and never attended any of the services again. The next thing I heard was that he had been incriminated in a case of housebreaking and theft. The charge had been clearly proved and he was sent to prison for twelve months. Before this last offence had been committed he had paid several visits to the Mission bungalow and had threatened me with innumerable ills, becoming at last so violent that I had to turn him out of the house.

After he had been in prison a short time I received a visit early one morning from one of the Government police officials; he had walked out from Shillong, 46 miles, and brought me an official document sent by the English magistrate and signed by the prisoner himself. It read something like this,—“I request the Rev. ———, Missionary, to take charge of and become surety for all my property during the period of my confinement in Her Majesty’s prison.” And then followed a list of all his possessions. I was asked to reply at once, and so sent back word that I would be responsible. At the end of the twelve months he returned home. I sought him at once and tried to cheer him, hoping that he would make a fresh start. But no, his spirit was broken, and he gave way to drink again. I tried time after time to win him back, but it was of no avail. He was always friendly, and showed his trust in me by leaving all his possessions still in my keeping, but he fell deeper and deeper into sin. One morning, a few months after his return, a boy ran up to the mission house calling, “Come, Saheb, there is a cowshed on fire.” I ran in the direction pointed out, and there, about a mile and a half away, I found that a little shed had been burnt down; the oxen had escaped, but on the floor was the charred body of a man, burnt to death. I knew it was he who had been imprisoned; he had been drinking heavily, for there beside the body was the awful bottle which has destroyed its thousands. We buried him in our little Christian cemetery, and then I called the relatives together to know what I should do with the property. They decided I should divide it amongst the children, and this was done. This man might have been a valuable helper in the work, but he was one of the ‘disappointments’ I found during my missionary career.

CHAPTER IX.

A PRESBYTERY IN KHASIA.

In many heathen villages the great event of the year is the shooting-match, when numbers of people congregate to witness the contest between the men of different villages. This is often followed by days and nights of drinking and all kinds of heathenish practices. But how different amongst the Christians : to them the great day of the year is the Presbytery or the Assembly. The Christians of the district where the Assembly is to be held join in providing means to entertain the delegates, some of whom come four or five days' journey. Preparation is going on for weeks beforehand. Rice has to be pounded, the bamboo pitchers for holding water have to be cut down from the jungle, scraped and cleaned ; grass booths for housing all the visitors have to be erected, for no building is large enough to contain the numbers who will be present, and the roads have to be swept. The work is taken up heartily by the men, women and children. When the strangers enter the village, they will find everything ready for them and everyone receives a hearty welcome.



OLDEST EVANGELIST.



OLDEST DEACON.



NATIVE PASTOR.

The meetings begin on Friday and are carried on until Monday evening, a series of 16 to 20 in all—Prayer meetings, Church meetings, Sunday-school meetings, meetings for delegates, meetings for women, committees of all kinds, and the Great Preaching Meetings on the Sabbath.

Hundreds of delegates are present, representatives from all parts of the mission field, and they are entertained right royally. Many will say, "Why all this waste? of time, money and labour?" But no, it is not waste. It is the bringing of all the Christian forces together for re-union, for strengthening, for building up; and it is an open declaration to the heathen around of the power of the Christian religion.

It would cheer many hearts to see early in the morning on a Presbytery Sunday little companies coming down the mountain slopes, others crossing the river in a small boat, others creeping up the side of a hill from some village nestling in the valley, all with one intent, to be in time at the first preaching service. When the opening hymn is given out, 3,000 people stand up to sing praises to God! What a change in these people—clothed respectably, clean in their persons, and with bright, intelligent faces. And what a difference between them and another 3,000 people you might find the same day in a neighbouring market-place! You would see at a glance what Christianity has done for these people if you would compare the Assembly and the Market.

After singing the hymn all heads are bowed as a reverent Khasi elder pleads at the Throne of Grace that

God would remember His promises and pour out mightily of His Spirit. Were it not for the tropical surroundings you could imagine we were at a *Gymanfa* in Wales. When the portion of Scripture is read, all the young Khasis take out their Bibles and follow the preacher verse by verse. Then the text is given out, followed by a sermon about forty minutes in length, filled with Biblical truth and argument; the preacher, a native Pastor, marshals Scripture passages to clear his subject, and he closes his sermon with an appropriate appeal. Then, after a hymn, another sermon, this time, perhaps, by one of the missionaries. The people seem interested; no emotion is displayed, but we see a nod here and a smile there, or a teacher will look in the face of his companion to see whether he, too, is enjoying the subject. A few young men from our Theological Institution, sitting together in a corner, are busily taking notes of the sermon. The meeting draws to a close; and, after singing another hymn, the benediction is pronounced, followed by a few moments of silent prayer, and the congregation disperses. There are three services such as this held during the day, and at night a large united Church meeting fitly closes the Sabbath. The Gospel message is having a strong hold upon the people; preaching is the great work of a Christian Khasi, and even the children have their favourites amongst the preachers and are anxious to imitate them. The minds of the young are being permeated with the Word of God, and the effect will be seen in generations to come.

After all the meetings are over the people start on their homeward journey. They have stored their minds and hearts, and many have jotted down in note-books all

the chief events of the Assembly. The first Church meeting after the Assembly in each village is always well attended, for all expect to hear the Report given by the delegates. It is surprising how concise and accurate an account many of these men will give, preaching over again the sermons they have heard and giving in detail the different subjects and discussions they have listened to during the preceding days. Thus, not only do those who actually attend derive benefit, but hundreds besides of those who can never leave their homes, in villages far away in the Hills, enjoy a share of the blessing and are strengthened thereby.

"O GARIAD!" (in Khasi).

Ah jingëit, Ah jingëit,

B'ymjiwkut ba shlei;

Ba ki bynriw ba b'ymman

La hun ha U Blei:

Ka jinghun ka mynsim,

Ha jingsait ka snám;

Ka sníh jong ka jingiap,

Ka pop, ka la dam.

Ki um bah ka duriaw

Ki'm lah shuh ba'n sait;

Ka snám ki mrád baroh

Ka'm lah ba'n pyllait;

Hinrei ha Kalbari,

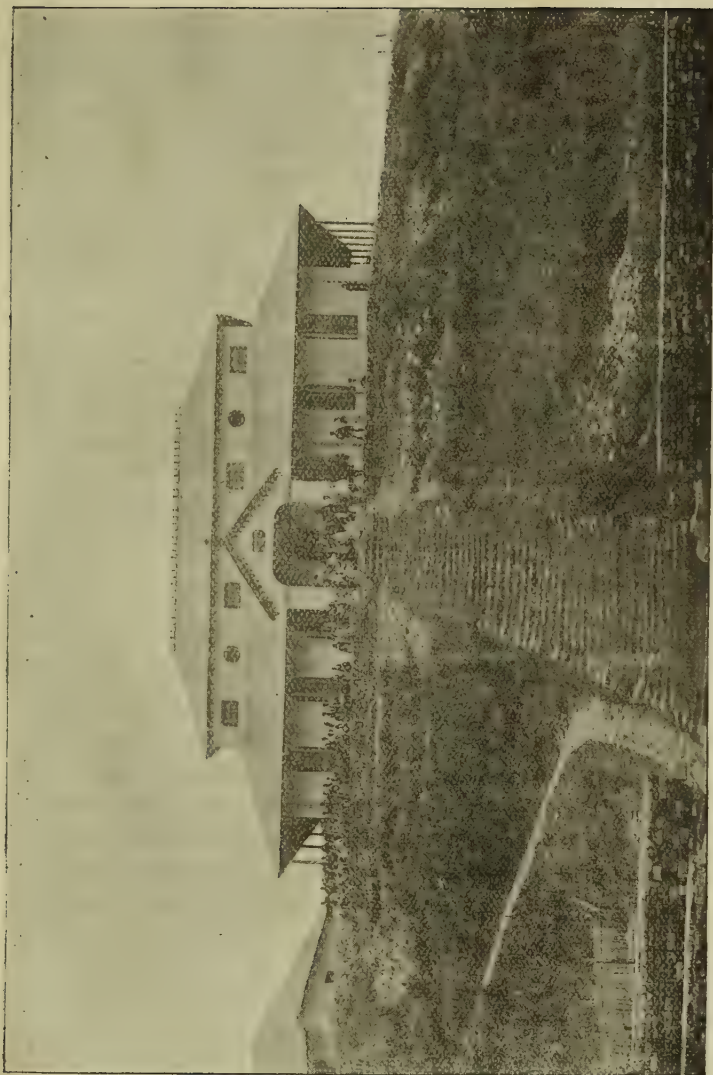
Ka snám jong U Khún;

La kyrsoi tang shisin

La pynlong jinghún.

BENEDICTION (in Khasi).—2 Cor. xiii. 14.

Ka jingaiei U Jisu Khríst uba U Trai, bad ka jingëit U Blei, bad ka jingiasyllok U Mynsim Bakhuid ruh, to long lem bad phi baroh.—Amen.



JOWAI CHAPEL.

STYLE OF PREACHING.

We have all classes of preachers amongst our Khasi Christians, ranging from the elder boys in our village schools to the men who have been thoroughly trained in our Theological Institutions ; several of the latter are really excellent preachers. In many villages we have to depend entirely upon poor illiterate Christian men, who have only just learned to read, and who know but little of the great truths of Christianity. But in carrying on the work over such a vast area and holding services in over 408 places every Sabbath day, our great desire is to have someone who will collect the people together in every village and tell them in simple language the story of the Cross. Many of these men who can only read the New Testament store up in their minds a great number of the Gospel narratives and give these to the people, drawing simple practical lessons from them.

One of the oldest deacons was preaching in a village chapel one Sunday morning to a large congregation, and his sermon was based upon the text, "Take my yoke upon you." He said,—“Most of you know how we plough with oxen in this country. Before an ox can plough we have to put a yoke upon its neck. We like to teach the oxen to plough when they are young. Many of you have been serving a very bad master for years, and your necks are now bleeding under his yoke. Satan is a very hard task-master, and he will eventually make you plough in the bog, and once you get there you will never get out again. ‘The wages of sin is death.’ But there is Another asking you to take His yoke, and His name is Jesus. He is a splendid master ; He will use you

in the high tablelands and not send you into the bog. His ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace. His yoke is lined with love. Come, enter His service to-day ; you will never repent the step. Throw off old Satan's yoke, and put yourself under the yoke of Jesus Christ."

The following is a sketch of a sermon I heard preached by one of our young men. He came to me about eleven years ago, having then been released from slavery. He was a good boy and very anxious to improve. After three years I passed him on to Cherra for further training in the Bhoi Class there. He afterwards returned to my district, where he has laboured successfully as a teacher in one of the village schools. Preaching one Sunday from the words, "The woman then left her water-pot and went her way into the city and saith to the men," &c., he treated the subject thus :—

I.—Why did the woman leave her water-pot ?

- (1) For the use of Christ and His disciples. When we accept Christ we must be ready to give up all for His use.
- (2) When she had found Christ the things of the world were valueless. Matthew left all. Paul counted all but loss. James and John left their parents. This woman left her water-pot.

(3) Lest it should impede her progress.

II.—She went her way into the city. She allowed nothing to stop her. Many people begin to serve Christ but the world checks them, and

they fail to fulfil their purposes. Judas began to follow, but ended in betraying his Master. Ananias and Sapphira began to follow, but did not continue. John and Mark for a time followed Paul and Barnabas but turned faint-hearted. If we begin to do anything for Christ we must carry it out to the end. The woman ran into the city.

III.—She told the men. What a woman can do! She had a message and was not afraid to deliver it—to the men, to the rulers, to the leaders. And many believed her words because they saw she was in earnest, and that her message was from God."

HONORARY WORKERS.

We have a large band of faithful Christian men and women scattered over the Hills in Khasia and Jaintia who give a large portion of their time freely to Christian work.

From the early days of the Mission to the present day it is customary for bands of men to go out from each Church every Sabbath Day to visit the surrounding villages. At the Saturday evening prayer meeting, which is always well attended, one of the deacons reads a list of the villages to be visited on the morrow and the names of the men who are to go to each village.

We have several Evangelists and deacons amongst our honorary workers, men holding good positions under Government, others in different callings; some of them are gifted and well-educated men, and they cheerfully do



HONORARY MEMBERS.

all in their power to extend the Master's Kingdom. In times of sickness and distress these workers show great love and sympathy, being ever ready to contribute of their substance to relieve the poor around them, and in many ways to glorify their Lord and Saviour, and publish His name amongst the heathen.

I remember passing through a village in the jungle district of Bridykar some four years ago and meeting a number of young men outside one of the villages. They said, directly they saw me, "We want you to stay in our village for an hour and have a service; we have cleared the compound in front of our houses and have spread mats on the ground that the people may sit down while you preach." "Why," I said, in great astonishment, "you have no school or teacher here; what do you know about the Christian religion?" Then I had the following story from one of the chief men, which cheered my heart greatly:—"All you say is quite true. We have no school or teacher, but last season a number of young men from S—— came here to cultivate rice. They sought lodgings in our houses. They had brought their New Testaments and Hymn Books with them, and at night they sang hymns and read their books. And they told our boys that if they wished they would teach them to read. So every night they held a school and taught them to sing and to read. And, when the Sabbath came, as it was too far for them to go to their homes, they remained here with us and had a Sunday-school; and one of them would preach to us every Sabbath Day. They did this for four months and then it was time for them to go home. But, before they went away, we

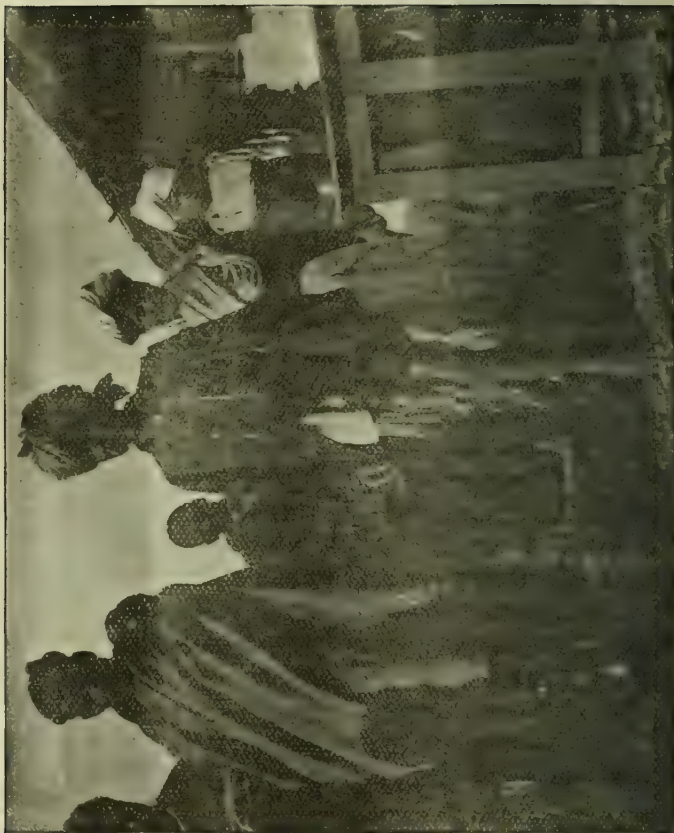
promised to worship the true God, so they burned up all our idols, and now we want you to establish the cause here." We held a service, and I found that there were nineteen persons ready to be received that day into the Christian Church. Not a penny had been spent on their evangelization; it had all been done as a labour of love by honorary workers.

THE KHASI HOME MISSION.

For some years past the Church in Khasia has felt a strong desire to extend its work, and use its influence in winning larger numbers of the heathens to Christ. Christian liberality increases like other graces in the Khasi churches. They make a monthly collection towards the support of their native pastors, and the number thus supported increases from year to year.

But the Khasi Christians felt they could do more, and many of them were anxious to undertake more responsibility in connection with the extension of the work among their fellow countrymen. So when the Welsh churches decided upon raising the great Century Fund the Missionaries thought it would be advisable to propose that a Century Fund should be raised in Khasia also for the purpose of starting a Home Mission. The matter was fully discussed in the Assembly, and it was at last resolved to raise a Home Mission Fund to be devoted to the support of natives who were to be entrusted with the evangelization of a district as yet untouched by the Gospel.

The resolution was received enthusiastically, and delegates were appointed and sent to visit all the



KHASI HOME MISSION.

churches to explain the scheme to them. They were warmly received in the large mission stations, and in remote Christian hamlets. All hearts beat as one in this great desire of making Jesus known to others.

It was a pleasure to visit the churches at this time. The day of visitation had been announced, and the people came in crowds to hear what the deputation had to say. We made an earnest appeal to all the Christians, telling them what benefits Christianity had brought them, and that it was now incumbent upon them to pass on the message to others. Then we spoke to them of the many thousands who were still in darkness knowing nothing of the God who loved them and had given His Son to die for them. And as they, one and all, thought of the love of Jesus, and the difference it had made in their own lives, the longing of each heart became,

“Oh! that my Saviour were their Saviour too!”

Even the very poorest amongst the Christians wished to contribute something to the fund, and oftentimes, knowing the circumstances of the giver, the gifts were most touching. I remember visiting a small church in one of the villages, and at the end of the meeting I asked an old woman, whom I knew very well, “And what are you going to give to this fund, Kymi U. M?” She answered, “Well, I have been thinking a lot about it, and have been talking to my daughter and her husband; and we have decided to give a cow. Can you sell a cow, Saheb?” “No, I have never sold a cow,” I said. “Never mind,” she continued, “you leave it to me. The market is low at present, so I’ll keep the cow, and when the market is high I’ll sell it, and bring the money

to you for the Home Mission." In three months' time the cow was sold, and the old woman brought me the money. It was the best price that had ever been given in the market for a ploughing ox. Many others contributed in like manner, one saying, "I'll give a pig," another, "I'll give so much rice," another a fowl, another some eggs. Thus a large portion of the fund was raised in kind all over the hills. The churches gave liberally, and at the Assembly, held in Laitkynsew in February, 1902, the Treasurer announced that the whole of the amount aimed at had been realized, viz., *R*10,000 !

This cheered the hearts of all present, and a Committee was formed to draw out a plan of work at once. It was resolved that *R*120 should be spent monthly upon the work of evangelising the new district, and that the fund should be augmented by an extra collection taken regularly in all the churches, and that some of our experienced evangelists be set apart for this work. The plan was adopted, and the scheme is now being carried out. The raising of this new fund did not affect the ordinary collections, for they increased considerably during that time of special effort.

In a Khasi newspaper, edited by one of our most gifted Khasi Christians, there was an article some time ago upon the question of self-support of the native churches. Three plans were suggested:—First, that each member of the church should give one-tenth of his income to the cause of Christ. Another, that a plot of land should be set apart by each church, to be cultivated by the members, each taking a share of the labour, and that the produce, whether rice, cotton, potatoes, &c., should be

sold, the proceeds to be devoted to the support of the cause. Again, that each house-wife should every morning, when she prepares the meal, set apart one handful of rice for the Lord's cause; that she should do the same thing again in the evening; and thus two handfuls a day from each family should go and support the pastor in the village.

That such proposals should come from one of the leaders in the Khasi church is a very healthy sign that the question of self-support is receiving a prominent place in their minds.

But there is a great amount of work still to be done in Khasia. During sixty years only one-tenth of the population has been won to Christianity; nine-tenths remain in heathenism!

“ The heathen perish : day by day
Thousands on thousands pass away !
O Christians, to their rescue fly,
Preach Jesus to them ere they die.

Wealth, labour, talents, freely give,
Yea, life itself, that they may live :
What hath your Saviour done for you ?
And what for Him will ye not do ?



CHAPTER X.

TRAVELLING IN THE COUNTRY.

A JOURNEY IN THE RAINS.

I had occasion to visit a distant village during the rainy season. We generally do our district work between October and March, when the land is dried up, the rivers low, and the jungle fit to pass through. But a call came ; a difficulty had arisen in one of the Churches, and the Saheb must come and set matters straight. I tried to do this by letter, but, no, I must come and talk things over with them in the village.

We were now in the midst of the rains. I knew the place I had to visit quite well, and as the people would not be satisfied I decided to go. There were just two days in which to prepare. I invited another missionary to accompany me, who had been appointed to visit this village on behalf of the Presbytery.

Food was prepared and put into baskets ; crockery, pots and pans for cooking purposes in another ; books in another ; medicines in a third ; beds were wrapped in mackintosh sheeting ; and we had a box containing a few changes of clothing. At last all were ready. The coolies come up to the house to inspect their burdens.



MODE OF TRAVELLING IN THE KHASI HILLS.

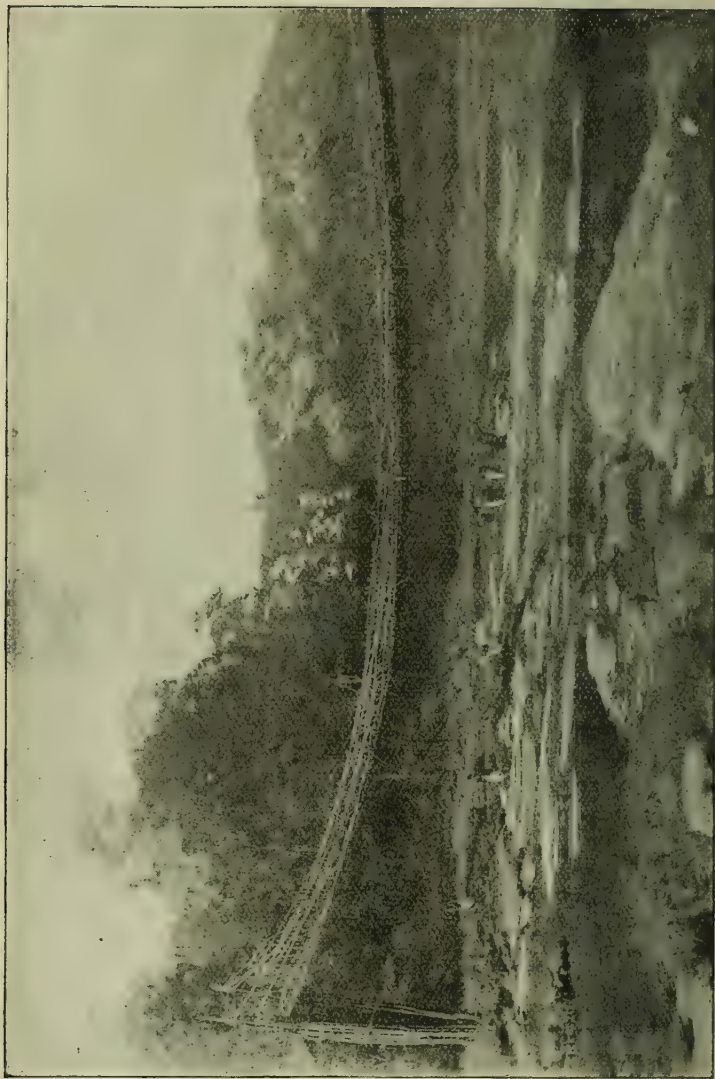
One complains his load is too heavy ; no one says his burden is too light ; so the cook-boy goes around and tests the loads, trying his best to equalise matters, and, after a little manipulating, taking a few things out of one basket and putting them into another, or taking a bucket from one load and putting it elsewhere, things are arranged satisfactorily ; the coolies fix their straps and take up their loads on their backs. They have eighteen miles to travel to-day across the mountain. They start soon after eight o'clock, and about mid-day a halt is made, generally near a running stream or the bank of a river. And while we lunch, the coolies also refresh themselves with lumps of cold-boiled rice which they have brought with them wrapped in large leaves ; afterwards they eat the betel-nut and pawn leaf, and then they must spend a few minutes in smoking the hookah. This puts all into a good mood, and there is nothing more important for a traveller than to keep his coolies in a cheerful frame of mind, for once out of temper they become stubborn and stupid, and this is the beginning of endless trouble.

At five o'clock we reach our resting-place. It is a small village on the brow of a hill overlooking an immense plateau. We ask the villagers if we can stay there for the night and whether they can accommodate so many coolies and two Europeans. They give us a hearty welcome, and the loads are put down and preparations are made for the night. The missionaries occupy one little hut with a bamboo floor raised about two feet from the ground ; the space beneath is used for the pigs and goats.

The evening passes quietly, for nearly all the men of the village are away in their rice-fields. We try to dry our wet clothes before the little wood fire on the ground, and, squatting down, we talk to the coolies and the few people who gather round until it is time to retire.

The morning dawns and we hope the day will be fine, but are disappointed, for it is still raining. We take our early meal of curry and rice, and then start down the slope of the hill. We have only eight miles to travel, but we would rather do 30 miles of plain, level road. For about two miles we descend gradually through high jungle grass, some twelve to sixteen feet high; then we go down the mountain side from crag to crag, with the aid here and there of a bamboo ladder suspended from one big boulder to another. Having at last reached the foot of the hill, we meet a number of young men from the village to which we are going, who have come some three or four miles to meet us. In about an hour we enter the village. We find all the roads and courtyards swept clean, and all the men, women and children out ready to welcome us. They have given up work for the day; it is not often a missionary is able to visit them, but when he does he is well rewarded by their attention to his ministry.

We begin our work by holding a meeting for the purpose of deciding any questions in dispute between parties in the Church. The case is stated and the whole matter discussed in detail; plenty of time is given to each side, until at length the clouds lift and peace reigns again. Now the basket of books is opened, and numbers of boys and girls come up who want reading books,



BRIDGE MADE OF CANE AND BAMBOO, SANKUNA, NEAR BRYDYKAR.

spelling books, Testaments, hymn books, Tonic Solfa books, and a few want the First English Primer. When these have all been satisfied, the gong sounds for the meeting in the chapel. As I have a brother missionary and an evangelist with me, I feel pretty free this evening. The evangelist reads a portion of Scripture and prays, after which the missionary preaches a simple evangelical sermon, urging them all to come to Jesus and to follow in His footsteps. The people listen attentively. The men sit on one side and the women on the other, with scores of children squatting on the floor in front. All join heartily in the singing, and many of them know the verses of the hymn by heart. After this service is over, we have the Society or Church meeting. Several new members are received; they are questioned by the native evangelist, the vote of the Church is taken in each case, and an exhortation given by the missionary.

It is now ten o'clock and we retire to our Khasi hut; it is much cleaner than the one we occupied on the previous evening, and we have it to ourselves, with the exception of swarms of mosquitoes who intend spending the night with us. The air is hot and sultry, the hut small and close, but we stretch out our mattresses on the floor, hang up our mosquito curtains, and in a short time fall asleep from real weariness.

But soon we are awakened by the sound of singing in the adjoining houses; the boys and girls have taken up the strains of a new hymn we taught them in the meeting, and with the help of our Christian coolies from Shang-pung they are practising the more difficult parts. We fall asleep again, this time to rest until the morning.

With the morning light we are awakened by the sound of the gong calling us to the little day school, where we spend an hour examining the different classes in reading, writing and arithmetic. At eight o'clock a communion service is held, and oh! how delightful it is to spend an hour with these poor people far away in the jungle around the table of our Lord. It is only once a year that many of them enjoy this privilege. You see the men bending their heads reverently as they enter the little building, and the women cover their faces with their hands; all have met to worship God. How they listen to every word spoken, and with what solemnity they partake of the bread and wine! These are really true followers of the Lord Jesus; they have tasted that the Lord is gracious.

When the meeting closes the missionary has his morning meal, and immediately afterwards attends to the ailments of a crowd of patients who are waiting for medicine outside. About mid-day we are bidding good-bye to all the villagers and starting for home. This has been a very hurried visit, but we are afraid that the continual downpour of rain will swell the rivers and make them quite unfordable.

It rained incessantly on our return journey. We had hoped to reach a village about six miles away, but, after crossing a river, we took an unknown path and lost our way in the jungle. But we walked on and on hoping to reach some village where we could spend the night. Darkness however came on, and we could not see a step before us. I asked the boy to strike a light, but all the matches were spoiled by the rain. On we walked; there

was no road, no path, no moon, and we had no idea where we were. The coolies began to be uneasy; they had been walking for seven hours, carrying heavy loads, and were tired, hungry, and full of fear. "We will put down our loads," they said, "and wait for daylight." "By no means," I told them, "if we remain here we will all die of fever, let us walk on until the day dawns; we are drenched and must keep moving on." About half past eleven we came to a cowshed. I said, "Well, if there are cows here there must be people living near." So I shouted, "Don briw?" (Is anyone here?), and soon heard someone answering, "Mano?" (Who is there?). Knowing my voice they opened the door of the little hut and let us in. We were too tired to speak, eat, or drink, so stripping off our wet clothes we wrapped ourselves in a blanket, lay down on the floor and went off to sleep.

At daybreak I called to the coolies to cook their rice, as we would start early. I wanted to get home that night without fail. They were soon astir, and before eight o'clock we had started. We had twenty miles of rough country to cross, and the ground had become so wet and boggy that it was most difficult to get through. The heavy rain came down incessantly, but on we went; we were going home, and were anxious to arrive before night. About half-past six o'clock we got within a mile of Shangpung, but there was a river to cross, a deep and dangerous river when on flood, with large boulders lying here and there and the current very strong. There was no bridge. The man in front shouted, "Tell the Saheb we cannot cross the river to-night, it is in flood; we must go back to the village five miles away and sleep

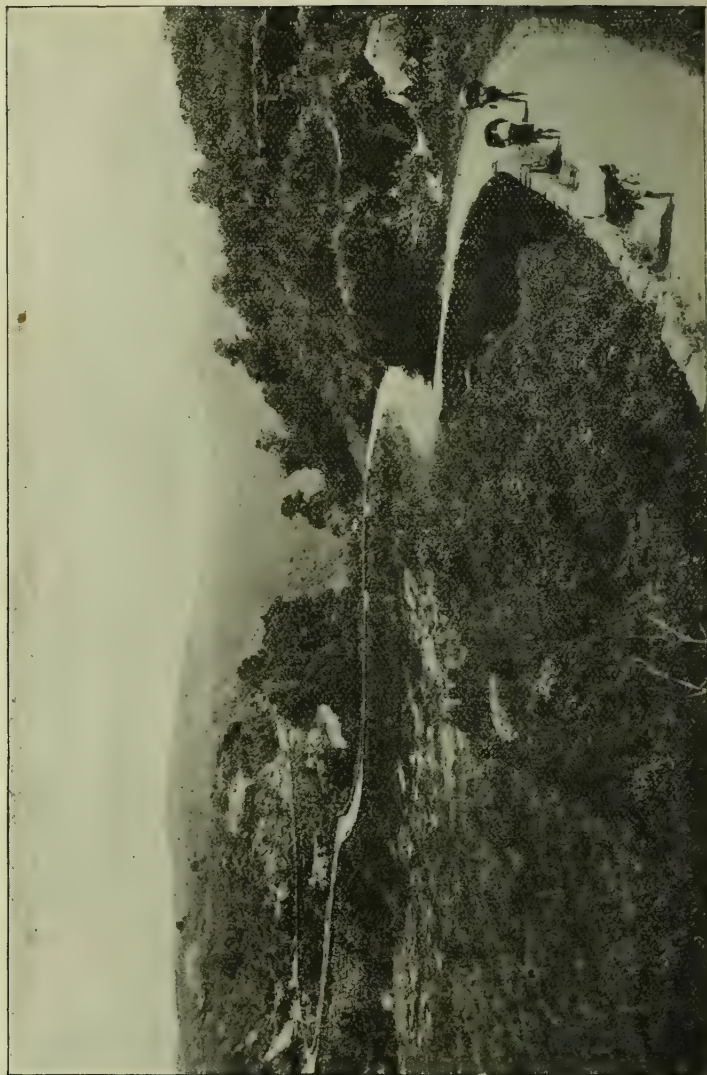
there." Here was a dilemma : we had walked hard all day, without resting for a mid-day meal, in order to cross the river before dark, and now within sight of home were met with this difficulty. I stood on the bank and said to a strong able-bodied man, who had been with me on tour many times, " Is there not any chance of crossing ?" " Yes, Saheb," he answered ; " there is just one way if you like to risk it ; if you sit on my shoulders and catch hold of my head, I will take hold of your legs and carry you through. Should the water rise higher than my head, you steer me straight for the other side." " All right, I am willing," I replied. The man went down on his knees at once for there was no time to lose ; I got on his shoulders ; then he stood up and descended the bank slowly to the river. I felt the water rise to my knees, then to my thighs, and soon it was up to my elbows, and I realised that the man was above his neck in the water, and I asked myself how much deeper is it ? Looking up, I saw a light on the opposite bank, and steered the man towards it. That light saved us. The schoolboys had come down to meet us with a lantern, as my wife was getting anxious about us, and in less than half-an-hour we got safely to the house. There was no room in our hearts for anything but love and thankfulness that night ; the Lord had been with us every step of the way, and we were happy knowing that we had been engaged in His service.

Go, labour on, spend and be spent,
 Thy joy to do the Father's will ;
 It is the way the Master went,
 Shall not the servant tread it still ?

CHAPTER XI.

Some of our foremost men are inclined to think that our work in Khasia is nearly done. They say, "We have so many native ministers, evangelists, teachers; could not the work be handed over to them?" This at present is neither practicable nor possible. A nation which was 60 years ago one of the lowest in India cannot now be left to itself when nine-tenths of it are still in the darkness of heathenism. All the missionaries will be only too glad to see the day when this will be possible, and we pray earnestly, "God speed the time," and meanwhile we go on preparing the people for it.

The Khasi nation are poor people; they are unable to support many of those who devote the whole of their time to the work of the Lord, but they have to be ever active to get the wherewithal for their daily life. Neither are they as yet sufficiently trained to take the responsibility. True, we have a few men in Khasia who are intelligent and capable men, and they work splendidly in the field, but they are few. The Khasis have to be trained to lead and rule their own people. Their sense of sin must be developed, and this can only be looked for as the outcome of a deeper spiritual insight, a richer Christian experience, and a keener Christian consciousness than they at present possess. It will come. The baneful hereditary results of generations of sinning, the awful



ON THE ROAD TO CHERRA.

influence of heathen environment, the paralysing grip of vicious habits, are painfully manifest in the lives of some of our converts. But there are those who will endure persecution for righteousness sake, subscribe out of their poverty to spread the Gospel, and work faithfully for the salvation of their heathen neighbours.

The Christian religion teaches us to look at the whole world as part of the scheme in the plan of salvation. "He shall see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied." And we must do our part to bring this to pass. In order to save souls we must realise the worth of a soul, and it is this fact we are bringing home to-day to the heart of the Khasi church.

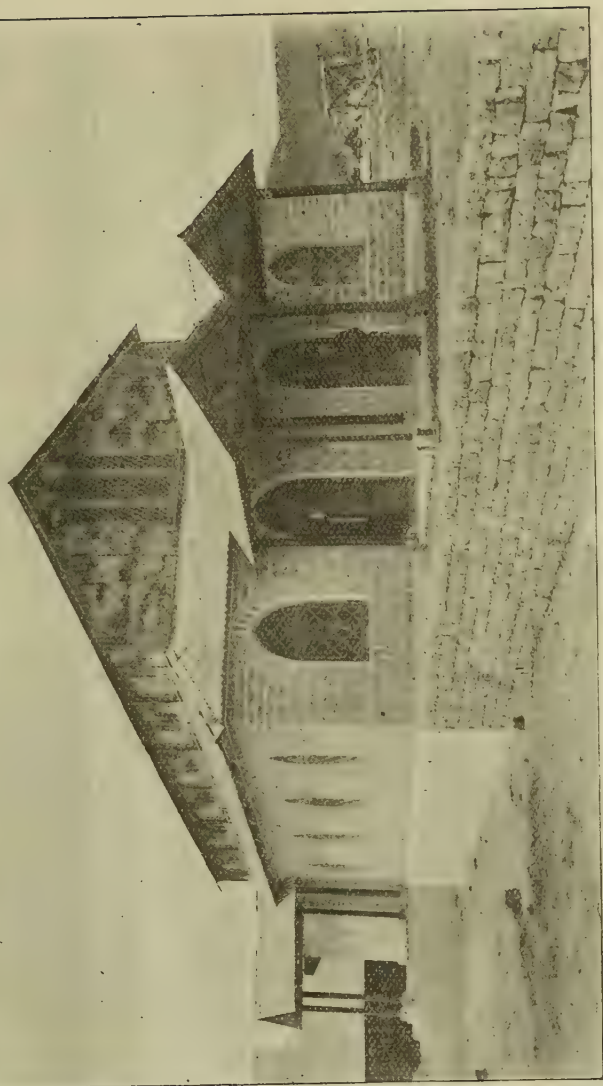
There are 180,000 Khasis yet without Christ; over 40,000 in North Lushai; 40,000 in North Cachar, and nearly 3,000,000 in the Plains. The work must be done. Omnipotence is our reserve fund. Heaven's resources are at our command. There is an incident in the life of Moses which we can apply here. When Moses was grown he went out unto his brethren and looked on their burdens. After this a life of self-indulgence was impossible. And if the truths of the Gospel have taken possession of us, we too must look upon our brethren in heathen lands, and, having once seen the burdens of fear, of cruelty, of strife, of awful superstition that rest upon them, a life of selfish ease and callous indifference will be impossible to us.

Are lives wasted in mission fields, and is wealth thrown away on the heathen? We know the story of a woman who was accused of wasting an alabaster box of ointment

exceedingly precious. No life is too valuable to be spent for India in obedience to the call of Christ. We do not know the worth of sacrifice in the economy of redemption. I am growingly convinced that sacrifice on our part is necessary; the sacrifice of the homeland, of all the pleasures associated with modern civilization; the sacrifice of the life is necessary if the redemption is to be made effective. "He that loveth his life shall lose it—he that loseth his life shall find it."

Throughout the whole missionary world there is at present a very deep sense of need. Opposed as we are by the gigantic and growing masses of heathenism, we feel overwhelmingly our own helplessness. From every mission land the cry comes, "Brethren, pray for us." This longing is a blessed sign. If the call of the missionaries is responded to by the Home Churches, and we truly seek God in prayer, we shall see the mightiest outpouring of His Spirit upon the world that the Church has ever witnessed. "Pray ye therefore." Before "Go," before "Give," comes "Pray." This is the Divine order, and any attempt to alter it will end in disaster. Prayer is to missionary work what the air we breathe is to the body—the element in which it lives. Missions were born in prayer and can only live in the atmosphere of prayer. Prayer keeps the eye towards God, the ear ever open to His voice, and the heart more and more in sympathy with His purpose. Prayer supplies the means by which the needs of our missionary work may be met.

The next great need of missions is men. If the harvest field is to be reaped, we must have labourers. And



CHERRA CHAPEL.

another great need is money. The Apostle puts the two together when he says, "How shall they hear without a preacher? How shall they preach except they be sent?" The silver and the gold belong to the Lord, and in answer to believing prayer He can bring it forth from His people. Teach men to pray for missions, and they will learn to give to missions.

1.—Prayer for missions must be intelligent. How can our prayers be real if we do not take the trouble to inform ourselves about that for which we pray?

2.—Prayer for missions must be definite. Whilst endeavouring to have a concise knowledge of the whole field, we should have a special interest in some one corner of the field. Missionaries should be prayed for by name.

3.—Prayer for missions must be intense. Labour in prayer. This means getting into sympathy with the mind of Christ; looking on the perishing heathen with the eye of Christ. It means that we see them fainting for the Word of God, the Bread of Life; scattered as sheep having no shepherd; that we yearn for souls as Christ yearned for a lost world. We can all be missionaries in desire and enthusiasm. We cannot take part in the evangelisation of the world by proxy, but we must put personal effort into it. May the day soon come when the nations shall know the Lord, and the uttermost parts of the earth become His possession.

“Carey’s Motto.”

“NOT TO WHERE I AM WANTED, BUT WHERE I AM
WANTED MOST.”

It is not where you are wanted,
But where you are needed the most ;
The call is not to the noble,
Who of wealth or fame can boast ;
Not many wise are chosen,
Not many mighty are called ;
But those who are weak and willing,
Whose lives are by Christ enthralled.

It is not where you are wanted,
But where Christ would have you be ;
At home or abroad, it mattereth not ;
It mattereth not to thee.
So long as the will of thy Lord is done
By thee in the daily task,
By doing the thing that is nearest,
It is all that you need to ask.

Should He open a door of entrance
For service in other lands,
Accept His Divine appointment,
And quickly obey His commands.
Would you know His will more fully ?
Walk closer, dwell deeper each day,
And hour by hour His will He’ll reveal
In every step of the way.

Katherine A. Salmon.

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